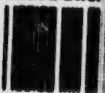


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McGill University, Montreal.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (FIRST YEAR COURSE).

PROFESSOR CHAS. E. MOYSE, B.A.

SUBJECTS.

The characteristics of Literature—the connection between Literature and History—the divisions of English Literature—the peopling of Europe and Britain.

Celtism and Teutonium.

Celtism—its relation to history and literature—the characteristics of the Celt—his artistic faculty—the qualities of his literature—its imagination—delicacy—colour—melancholy—humour.

Teutonium—*Béowulf*—its subject—its Homeric quality—characteristics of the Teuton—his sense of duty—comparisons between his other qualities and that of the Celt.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I

All, that is literature, seeks to communicate power; all, that is not literature, to communicate knowledge. Now, if it be asked what is meant by communicating power, I in my turn would ask by what name a man would designate the case in which I should be made to feel ~~vividly~~ and with a vital consciousness, emotions which ordinary life rarely ~~never~~ supplies occasions for exciting, and which had previously lain unawakened, and hardly within the dawn of consciousness—as myriads of modes of feeling are at this moment in every human mind for want of a poet to organize them. I say, when these inert and sleeping forms are organized—when these possibilities are actualized,—is this conscious and living possession of mine *power*.—Thomas DeQuincey. *Letters to a young man whose Education has been neglected.*

II.

But a book is written not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful or helpfully beautiful. . . .

He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could saying "this is the best of me: for the rest I ate and drank and slept loved and hated like another; my life was as the vapour and is not but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing:" it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription of scripture. That is a "BOOK."—John Ruskin. *Sesame and Lilies*.

III.

The following is one of the most pointed references in our literature to the diverse origin of the English people:—

A true-born Englishman's a contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction.
The Pict and painted Briton, treacherous Scot,
By hunger soft and rapine hither brought;
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
Whose rascled offspring everywhere remains;
Who joined with Norman French compound the breed
From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed.

Daniel Defoe. *The True-Born Englishman* [1701].

IV.

And we then, what are we? what is England? I will not answer, A vast obscure Cymric basis with a vast visible Teutonic superstructure; but I will say that that answer sometimes suggests itself, at any rate,—sometimes knocks at our mind's door for admission; and we begin to cast about and see whether it is to be let in.—Matthew Arnold. *On the Study of Celtic Literature*.

V.

The glory of the Celt in Europe is his artistic eminence. perhaps not too much to assert that without his intervention should not have possessed in modern times a church worthy of adoration, or a picture or a statue we could look at without shame. In their arts, too, either from their higher status, or from admixture with Aryans, we escape the instinctive fixity which makes the arts of the pure Turanian as unprogressive as the works of birds or of beavers. Restless intellectual progress characterizes everything they perform; and had their arts not been nipped in the bud by circumstances over which they had no control, we might have seen something that would have shamed even Greece and wholly eclipsed the arts of Rome.

When a people are so mixed up with other races as the Celts are in Europe, frequently so fused as to be undistinguishable, it is almost impossible to speak with precision in regard either to their arts or influence. It must in consequence be safer to assert that where no Celtic blood existed, there no real art is found; though it is perhaps equally true to assert that not only Architecture, but Painting and Sculpture have been patronized, and have flourished in the exact ratio in which Celtic blood is found prevailing in any people in Europe.—James Fergusson. *History of Architecture*.

VI.

Both shoulders covered with his painted shield,
The hero there, swift as the war-horse rushed.
Noise in the mount of slaughter, noise and fire ;
The darting lances were as gleams of sun.
There the glad raven fed. The foe must fly
While he so swept them, as when in his course
An eagle strikes the morning dews aside,
And, like a whelming billow, struck their front.

—Y Gododin.

Y Gododin belongs to early Cymric literature and is a representative poem. Morley's account of it requires modification. It seems that the bard Aneurin composed only the first half, consisting of forty-four stanzas. The remainder, added by a subsequent writer or writers, is, in some degree, borrowed from another famous Welsh bard Taliesin. The first part of the poem refers to the battle of Catraeth, A.D. 596, which was fought "in that part of Scotland where Lothian meets Stirlingshire, in the two districts of Gododin and Catraeth, both washed by the sea of the Firth of Forth." The second part refers to a battle fought in the same locality about fifteen years later. (See William F. Skene, *The Four Ancient Poems of Wales*.) The poet Thomas Gray, one of the best Classical, Norse, and Old English scholars of his time, who had a share in detecting the forgeries of Thomas Chatterton, translated a portion of Y Gododin into English verse (*Ode from the Welsh, part II.*—The death of Hoel), but not from the original.

VII.

More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossom of the wood anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountains.

And in the evening he (Peredur) entered a valley, and at the head of the valley he came to a hermit's cell, and the hermit welcomed him gladly, and there he spent the night. And in the morning he arose, and when he went forth, behold, a shower of snow had fallen the night before, and a hawk had killed a wild fowl in front of the cell. And the noise of the horse scared the hawk away, and a raven alighted upon the bird. And Peredur stood and compared the blackness of the raven and the whiteness of the snow, and the redness of the blood, to the hair of the lady that best he loved, which was blacker than the jet, and to her skin, which was whiter than the snow, and to the two spots upon her cheeks, which were redder than the blood upon the snow appeared to be. [*The Mabinogion* (tr. Lady Charlotte Guest). *The tale of Peredur, the son of Eirawc.*—Peredur is the Welsh name of the knight Percival, who figures so largely in Arthurian romance.]

And early in the day they left the wood, and they came to an open country, with meadows on one hand, and mowers mowing the meadows. And there was a river before them, and the horses bent down and drank the water. And they went up out of the river by a lofty steep, and there they met a slender stripling, with a satchel about his neck,

and they saw that there was something in the satchel, but they knew not what it was. And he had a small blue pitcher in his hand, and a bowl on the mouth of the pitcher. [*The tale of Geraint, the son of Erbin.* This is the source of Tennyson's Idyll, *Geraint and Enid.*]

And he saw a tall tree by the side of the river, one half of which was in flames from the root to the top, and the other half was green and in full leaf. [*The tale of Peredur.*]

[The current notion that *mabinogi* (pl. *mabinogion*) means an old Welsh nursery tale is not correct. The word *mabinogi* comes from *mabinog*, and *mabinog* means a young man receiving instruction from a qualified bard; *mabinogi* would mean, therefore, the material through which a *mabinog* was trained, and which he used in his calling.]

VIII.

And Arthur and Owain marvelled at the tumult as they played at chess: and, looking, they perceived a knight upon a dun-coloured horse coming towards them. And marvellous was the hue of the dun horse. Bright red was his right shoulder, and from the top of his legs to the centre of his hoof was bright yellow. Both the knight and his horse were fully equipped with heavy foreign armour. The clothing of the horse from the front opening upwards was of bright red sendel, and from thence opening downwards was of bright yellow sendel. A large gold-hilted one-edged sword had the youth upon his thigh, in a scabbard of light blue, and tipped with Spanish laton. The belt of the sword was of dark green leather, with golden slides and a clasp of ivory upon it, and a buckle of jet black upon the clasp. A helmet of gold was on the head of the knight, set with precious stones of great virtue, and at the top of the helmet was the image of a flame-coloured leopard with two ruby-red stones in its head, so that it was astounding for a warrior, however stout his heart, to look at the face of the leopard, much more at the face of the knight. He had in his hand a blue-shafted lance, but from the haft to the point it was stained crimson-red, with the blood of the Ravens and their plumage.—*The Mabinogion* (The Dream of Rhonabwy.)

IX.

LLYWARCH HEN'S ODE TO HIS CRUTCH.

- O my crutch! it is not autumn, when the fern is red, the water-flag yellow!
Have I not hated that which I love?
- O my crutch! is it not winter-time now, when men talk together after they have drunken? Is not the side of my bed left desolate?
- O my crutch! is it not spring, when the cuckoo passes through the air, when the foam sparkles on the sea? The young maidens no longer love me.
- O my crutch! is it not the first day of May? The furrows, are they not shining; the young corn, is it not springing? Ah! the sight of thy handle makes me wroth.
- O my crutch; stand straight, thou wilt support me the better; it is very long since I was Llywarch. Behold old age which makes sport of me, from the hair of my head to my teeth, to my eyes, which women loved.
- The four things I have all my life most hated fall upon me together—coughing and old age, sickness and sorrow.

I am old, I am alone ; shapeliness and warmth are gone from me ; the couch of honour shall be no more mine ; I am miserable, I am bent on my crutch.
How evil was the lot allotted to Llywarch, the night he was brought forth ! Sorrows without end and no deliverance from his burden.

X.

And we came to the Isle of Flowers : their breath met us out on the breeze,
For the Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the breeze ;
And the red passion-flower to the cliffs, and the dark-blue clematis, clung,
And starr'd with a myriad blossom the long convolvulus hung ;
And the topmost spire of the mountain was lilies in lieu of snow,
And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out below
Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the blush of gorse and the blush
Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a thorn from the bush ;
And the whole isle-side flashing down from the peak without ever a tree
Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the blue of the sea ;
And we roll'd upon capes of crocus and vaunted our kith and our kin,
And we wallow'd in beds of lilies and chanted the triumph of Finn,
Till each like a golden image was pollen'd from head to feet
And each was as dry as a cricket, with thirst in the middle-day heat.
Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but never a fruit !
And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we hated the Isle that was mute,
And we tore up the flowers by the million and flung them in bight and bay,
And we left but a naked rock and in anger we sail'd away.

TENNYSON. *The Voyage of Maeldune.*

XI.

Béowulf, ll. 320-331. Béowulf and his companions, after a parley with Hrothgar's mounted warden, who is stationed on the cliffs, leave the shore and march inland towards Heorot.

(The student will notice that the appearance of Anglo-Saxon is in large measure that of a foreign language, owing to so much of its vocabulary having been lost. Modern English, judged by its vocabulary as given in a dictionary and not by the repetition of common words of Teutonic origin as seen on the page of an ordinary book, is a Classical and not a Teutonic language. (See Max Müller, *Science of Language*). A language, however, is not classified according to its vocabulary but according to its inflections, and the inflections of English are Teutonic.

End-rime is by no means a prominent feature in Anglo-Saxon poetry, but becomes more frequent towards the close of the Anglo-Saxon period. A line of Anglo-Saxon poetry consists of two parts of independent scansion, united by initial-rime, or, as it is generally called, alliteration. The essential feature of Anglo-Saxon poetry is that each half "ne contains two rhythmically accented syllables, and, therefore, two measures or feet. Alliteration is the use of (a) similar consonants or (b) similar or different vowels and diphthongs. Alliteration is confined to rhythmically accented syllables, but the last rhythmically accented syllable of the line must not, with one exception, alliterate with any preceding rhythmically accented syllable, and in no case in normal Anglo-Saxon poetry with the first rhythmically accented syllable of the second half of the line, which is the starting

point for investigating the line. In the following extract the alliteration of the first three lines is indicated by italics).

Stræt was stan-fah, sfig wisode
gumum ætgedere. Guthbyrne scan
heard hondloen, Aringiren seir
song in searwum, tha hie to sele furthum
in hyra gryregeatwum gangan cwomon.
Setton samethe side scyldas,
rondas regnharde with thæs recedes weal,
bugon tha to hence; byrnan bringdon,
guthsearo gumena; garas stodon,
sæmonna searo samod ætgedere,
æscholt ufan græg: was se irenthreat
wæpnum gewurthad.

"The way was paved with stone; the path guided the men as they marched in a body. The war-corslet glittered, hard of temper, and interlaced by hand; The bright rings of iron rang in their armour as they came marching on towards the hall in their grim array. Weary of the sea, they placed their wide shields, thrice hard, against its wall; then they bent to the bench; the corslets, the battle dress of the warriors, rang; the spears, the equipment of sailors, stood up in a cluster together; ashen shafts were they, tipped with iron. The armoured band was decked out with weapons."

XII.

Béowulf, ll. 864-871. The horse-racing. (Compare *Odyssey*, bk. viii, vv. 97-265.

Now, the warriors, valiant in fight, made their bay steeds leap and run in rivalry where the tracts of land seemed fair or were famed for their excellence; now, a thegn of the king, a man full of vaunt, and mindful of ballads, who remembered rich stores of ancient sagas, found a new tale in verses true.

XIII.

Béowulf, ll. 1357-1376. The abode of Grendel and his mother.

They possess a hidden place where the slopes are haunted by wolves, and the cliffs are wind-beaten, and the paths over the marsh are dangerous; where the mountain torrent vanishes under the gloom of the crags, as its streams sink into the soil. It is not far hence, measured by miles, that the pool lies, and over it hang groves covered with rime—a wood firm-rooted in the ground overshadows the water. There may a dire portent be seen every night—fire on the flood. No son of man liveth so wise as to know its depths. Even though the hart (heath-stepper-met.), started from afar and run down by the hounds, the hart strong of horns, should make for the covert, he will yield his life, his life on the brink ere he will hide his head in the pool. It is a wild spot, whence the storm of the surge mounts up white to the clouds, when the wind wakens baleful tempests, until the heaven grows dark and the skies weep.

The *Battle of Maldon*—a fragment. The Battle of Maldon is one of the two famous battle-pieces in Anglo-Saxon poetry. The subject of the other is the battle of Brunanburh. The poem on Brunanburh is found in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and has been turned by Tennyson into modern English verse, unrimed, with alliteration preserved. The manuscript of the *Battle of Maldon* is not in existence, having been destroyed by fire in 1731. The Northmen had invaded England, and as it was one of the duties of an Anglo-Saxon ealdorman to gather forces to meet the invaders, the ealdorman of the East Saxons, Byrhtnoth, collected the English of the neighbourhood and gave battle to the foe on the banks of the little river Panta, now the Blackwater, near Maldon, in Essex. Byrhtnoth was killed; hence German scholars usually call this poem the *Death of Byrhtnoth*. The English author, presumably an eye-witness of the conflict, seems to have written the piece very soon after the engagement, as he does not appear to know who led the Northmen. From the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle we discover that the leader of the invading host was called Anlaf. The late Prof. Edward A. Freeman dwells on the significance of the *Battle of Maldon* in his *Growth of the English Constitution*, chap. I., p. 42.

Then Ælfwine said: "Never shall the thegns reproach me among the people for desiring to leave this host and to seek my native soil, now that my chief lies here, hacked to pieces in the strife: that is my deepest grief, for he was both my kinsman and my lord." . . . Offa spake, as he brandished his ashen shaft: "Ah! thou, Ælfwine, hast exhorted all the chiefs, as was necessary; now that our prince our lord lies low on the earth, there is need for us all that each of us exhort his fellow-warrior to the strife as long as he can hold or wield his weapon, his hard sword, his spear, his trusty blade." . . . Leofsunu spake: I vow I will not flee a footstep hence, but will go onward to avenge my dear master in the fray." . . . Thunne spake, a man old in years, and bade every man revenge Byrhtnoth: "Let him not hesitate a moment who thinketh to avenge his lord on the people nor care for his life." . . . Byrhtwold spake as he raised his shield and brandished his spear; he was an old companion, and very boldly did he exhort the warriors: "The mind must be the more resolute, the heart the braver, the courage the greater, as our power lessens. Here lies our prince all cut to pieces, the good man lies in the dust; ever may he mourn who thinks of turning back from this war-play. I am old in years; I do not wish to go away; I resolve to lie by the side of my lord, by so dear a man."

XV.

Cynwulf. *Riddles*. Cynwulf is the greatest of Anglo-Saxon poets. His riddles, preserved in one of the two large collections of Anglo-Saxon verse, the Exeter Book, display the very soul of Old English life and thought. Although based on earlier riddles in Latin by several authors, they may be considered original, not only on expansion of theme, but also on account of a poetical quality which belongs to them alone.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SWORD.

(Notice that the sword is regarded as a living being—a warrior).
I am a wondrous thing and am fashioned for the strife. I am dear to my lord and splendidly adorned. My corslet is party-coloured, and the wire lies bright round the gem of Death which my wielder gave me, who guides me to the mastery in our wanderings together. Wrought by the hand of the smith, I bear treasure, yea, gold from house to house in the clear day-time. Oft do I and my brethren, weapons of the fray, kill living souls. The King decks me out with his treasures and his silver; he honours me in the hall; he withholds not the word of praise; he tells of my doings before his people as they are drinking the mead. Now, he holds me in restraint; now again he lets me, stout in battle, go far and wide when I am weary of way-faring. (The most impressive part of this riddle is that in which the sword dwells on the lonely side of its life. Its function in war deprives it of the love of women, of wedded life and the possession of children. Women hate it).

Foolishly-proud of my trappings, oft-times do I, lessening her pleasure, anger a woman. She speaks words of scorn to me; she strikes me with her hands; she reviles me with words; in enmity she cries out, "I care not for strife."

XVI.

The Storm Riddles of Cynewulf. These are three in number, the Storm on Land, the Storm on Sea, and the Hurricane, which is extremely vivid and, strange as it may seem, displays some of the larger outlines of imagery to be found in the great storm-piece of modern literature, Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*. It is too long to be printed here.

I.—THE STORM ON LAND.

What hero liveth so wise, so crafty in thought, as to tell who hath driven me forth on my path, when I leap up in my strength? Fierce by fits, and full of pride, I thunder; at times I pass in my wrath over the earth. I burn the houses of the people and ravage their halls; the smoke rises dark over the roofs. There is a din in the land and slaughter and destruction of men. Then I shake the wood, the groves thick with blossoms. Vaulted with water, I fell the trees, as by mighty powers I am sent far and wide on my exile path. I bear on my back that which once covered in flood every kind of earth-dwelling men, body and soul together. Say who covers me, or what I am called, who carry this burden.

II.—THE STORM ON SEA.

At times I go in ways men divine not under the tumult of the surge, as I seek the bed of Ocean's abyss. The deep is stirred; the foam rolls. The sea where the whale makes his home roars and rages loud. The tides lash the shore, and every moment, with stone and sand, with weed and wave, dash against the steep cliffs. Then,

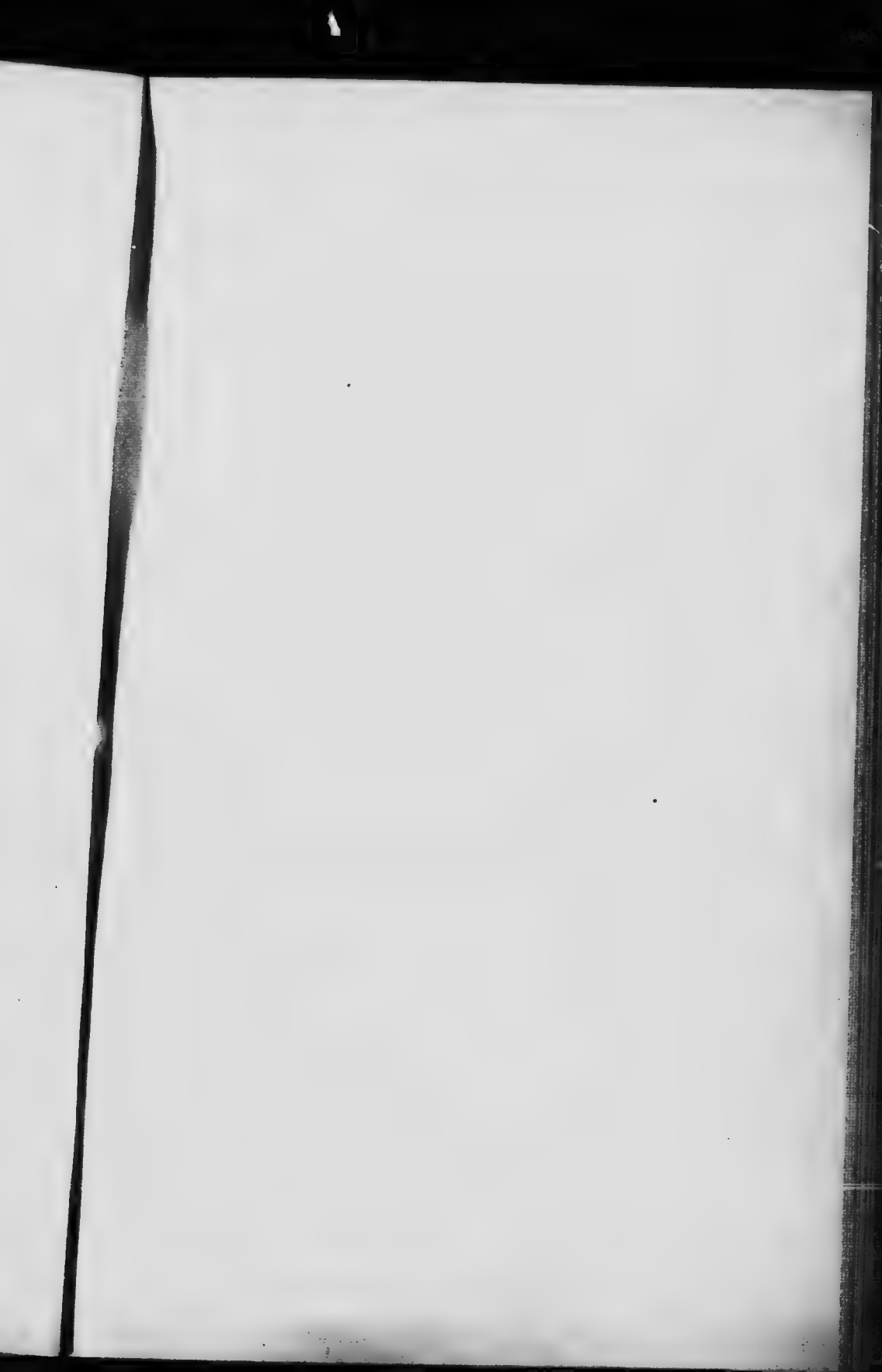
vaulted with the might of the deep, I fight my way on, and stir up the ground, the vast bed of the sea. I cannot free myself from my watery shroud before he who guides me on every path sets me free. Say, O man of wisdom, who draws me from the embrace of the flood when the streams become hushed once more, and the surge, which covered me erewhile, sinks to rest.

XVII.

From the *Seafarer* (Exeter Book). *An old English sea-picture.* The Seafarer is, by some, ascribed to Cynewulf, but the weight of authority inclines against this view.

True is the tale that I can tell of myself and of my voyaging ; how in days of toil I have often suffered times of hardship and felt bitter care at heart ; how I have known in my boat many a visitation of anxiety as I felt the fierce rolling of the billows, where the anxious night-watch often held me at the prow of my craft, as she beat against the cliffs. My feet were pinched with the cold, bound with the chilling clasps of frost ; there, too, cares plained hotly round my soul ; hunger within rent the heart of one weary of the sea. This the man knows not to whom on land things fall out most happily ; he knows not how I, miserably careworn, have stayed on the ice-cold sea the live-long winter, as if treading the steps of an exile, deprived of joys, bereft of my dear kinsfolk and covered with icicles. The hail flew in showers. There heard I nothing save the roar of the sea and of its ice-cold wave or now and again the song of the swan ; I found my pleasure in the scream of the gannet and the noise of the seal instead of in the laughter of men ; I took solace in the mew as she sang instead of in the quaffing of mead. There storms beat the stony cliffs and there the tern with icy wing gave them back an answer ; many a time and oft did the eagle with its dew-covered pinions scream. Not one of my protecting kinsmen could comfort my poor soul ! Hence it is that he who has experienced the joy of life in cities, and proud and flushed with wine, has scarce known aught of perilous ventures, can little fancy how I in my weariness have often had to bide on the path of the deep. The shadow of night has descended ; from the north has come the snow ; frost has bound the soil ; hail has fallen on the earth, hail, the coldest of grains.

Why now do the thoughts of my heart urge me on to try the deep floods, and the play of the salt surge ? The desire of my mind, hour after hour, bids my soul go onwards that I may visit the land of foreign men far hence.



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ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (FIRST YEAR COURSE).

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SUBJECTS.

Monachism and Mediævalism.

Some general features of Monachism and Mediævalism—St. Simeon Stylites—the Rise of the Benedictines—the Columban and Porman churches—Bede—Alfred—Dunstan—the Norman Conquest—the Chroniclers—Map and the Carmina Burana—the Friars—Roger Bacon—Chaucer—Wiclif.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

XVIII.

ST. SIMEON STYLITES.

Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty God,
This not be all in vain, that thrice ten years,
Thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs,
In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and cold,
In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and cramps,
A sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud,
Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow;
And I ha' hoped that ere this period closed
Thou would'st have caught me up into thy rest.
Denying not these weather beaten limbs
The meed of saints, the white robe and the palm.

Now am I feeble grown : my end draws nigh ;
I hope my end draws nigh : half deaf I am,
So that I scarce can hear the people hum
About the column's base, and almost blind,
And scarce can recognize the fields I know ;
And both my thighs are rotted with the dew ;
Yet cease I not to clamour and to cry,
While my stiff spine can hold my weary head,
Till all my limbs drop piecemeal from the stone,
Have mercy, mercy, take away my sin.

I lay, a vessel full of sin : all hell beneath
 Made me boil over. Devils plucked my sleeve,
 Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at me.
 I smote them with the cross ; they swarm'd again.
 In bed, like monstrous apes, they crushed my chest :
 They flapped my light out as I read : I saw
 Their faces grow between me and my book
 With colt-like whinny and with hoggish whine
 They burst my prayer. Yet this way was left,
 And by this way I 'scaped them. Mortify
 Your flesh, like me, with scourges and with thorns :
 Smite, shrink not, spare not. If it may be fast
 Whole Lents and pray.

—Tennyson.

XIX.

King Alfred's account of the decay of learning in England, given in his preface to his translation of the *Pastoral Care* or *Pastoral Rule* of Pope Gregory I. (the Great).

It has very often come into my mind what wise men there formerly were throughout England, belonging both to sacred and secular orders, and how happy were the times then throughout England ; and how the kings who had power over the people in those days obeyed God and his ministers ; and how they preserved both their peace and their morals and their rule at home, and also enlarged their country ; and how they sped both in war and wisdom ; and also how eager the ecclesiastical orders were both in teaching and learning, and in all the services they had to perform to God, and how wisdom and learning were sought in this land from without, and how we should have to obtain them now from abroad if we had to acquire them. So completely had learning fallen away in England that there were very few on this side of Humber who could understand their church services in English, or indeed translate a letter from Latin into English ; and I think there were not many beyond Humber. So few of them were there that I cannot bethink me of a single one south of the Thames when I came to the throne. God be thanked that we have any supply of teachers now. . . . When I remembered this, then I wondered very, very much at the good and wise men who formerly lived throughout England and had learned all books thoroughly, because they did not desire to translate any part of them into their own tongue. But then I soon answered myself and said, "They did not think that men would ever be so careless in teaching, and learning so decayed ; of set purpose they neglected to do so, and desired that there might be more wisdom in the land, the more languages we knew."

XX.

De captione Episcoporum.

An assembly of the nobles was held at Oxford about the eighth day before the kalends of July, and the prelates already mentioned

attended it. The Bishop of Salisbury began his journey thither much against his will, for *I heard him speak to the following effect*: "By my holy Lady Mary, I know not how, but my heart rebels against this journey! One thing I know, that I shall be of just as much use at court as a foal in battle." Thus his mind kept foreboding future evils. Then, as if fortune seemed to favour the king's desire, an outbreak arose between the retainers of the bishops and those of Count Alan of Brittany about the right of quarters. Its issue was unfortunate; for the Bishop of Salisbury's men, who were sitting at table, left their food half eaten, and darted out to the fight. The affair was at first one of curses, but presently of swords. The retainers of Alan were put to flight, and his nephew was almost slain; still, the victory which the bishops gained was not bloodless, as many were wounded and one knight was killed. The king, profiting by the occasion, ordered the bishops to be summoned by his old instigators, in order to give satisfaction to the court for the disturbance of the royal peace by their men. Satisfaction could be given in one way—by surrendering the keys of the castles as a pledge of fidelity. The bishops prepared to give satisfaction, but dallied over giving up the keys, so the king gave orders that they should be more strictly confined, to prevent their going away. Accordingly, he conducted the Bishop Roger, and his nephew the chancellor, to Devizes—the bishop unbound but the nephew in chains. He went to Devizes with the hope of taking the castle, a structure built with great and almost incredible expense, not, as the prelate used to say, for the ornament, but, as a matter of fact, to the detriment of the Church. As they were being surrounded, the castles of Salisbury, Sherborne, and Malmesbury, surrendered to the king. Devizes did so after a siege of three days, when the bishop had voluntarily inflicted fasting on himself, so as, by the vexation of body, to influence the mind of the Bishop of Ely, who had taken possession of them. Nor did Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, prove more stubborn, for he bought his liberty by surrendering the castles of Newark and Sleaford.

William of Malmesbury, *Historia Novella*, Lib. II. (A.D. 1139).

For a glimpse of another element to be found in our early historians, the student may refer to William of Malmesbury's story of the Witch of Berkeley (*De Gestis Regum Anglorum*, Lib. II., cap. 13).

XXI.

Idleness is ever the enemy of the soul; accordingly the brethren must sometimes apply themselves to manual labour, sometimes to sacred reading. From Easter until the kalends of October, as soon as they go from prime-song, let them do whatever is needed until it is almost one hour past the third (*i.e.*, 10 A.M.); after that, let them read their books until mid-day. After mid-day, when they have taken their repast, let them go to their rest with all quietness; if any one should prefer to read when he rests, let him read, provided that he does not disturb the others with noise. If the needs of the monastery require that they gather their food, and they are busied

in that, still let them not be grieved, for they are true monks if they live by the labour of their own hands just as our fathers and the apostles did. However, let everything be done with moderation, lest the weak-minded despair.

(A portion of the Forty-eighth Chapter of *Æthelwold's Anglo-Saxon translation of the Benedictine Rule*).

Rule composed by St. Benedict, abt. 516; A.S. trans. abt. 961.

XXII. V

On another occasion, a novice, who had learned to read the psalms, though not very correctly, obtained leave from the minister-general to have a psalter; but as he had heard that St. Francis did not like his friars to be solicitous for books and learning, he was not satisfied with the license of the general minister, but took occasion to apply to St. Francis himself, saying, "Father, it would be a great comfort to me to have a psalter; and the minister-general permits it; but I should not like to use it without your conscience." "Charles the Emperor, Roland and Oliver," (he replied), "and all the Paladins, and all other stout men in battle, pursued infidels to the death with great sweat and labour, and gained their memorable victories. The holy martyrs died in the fight for the faith of Christ. But now-a-days, there are some folks who, by the mere talk of their exploits, seek for glory and honour among men; and so there are some among you who take more pleasure in writing and preaching about the works of the saints than in imitating their labours." Some days after, as he was seated by the fire, the same novice repeated his request. Says St. Francis to him: "When you have got a psalter, then you'll want a breviary, and when you have got a breviary you will sit in your chair as great as a lord, and you will say to your brother, 'Friar, fetch me my breviary.'" Saying this with some warmth, he took ashes from the hearth, and laying them on his head, rubbed his hands round and round, as if he had been washing his head, repeating all the while, "I am your breviary, I am your breviary (*Ego breviarium*, *Ego breviarium*)," until the novice was dumb-founded and surprised. Then, turning to him, St. Francis said, "Brother, I too was once tempted as you are by the possession of books; and, wishing to know the Lord's will in this matter, I took the gospels and prayed to Him that He would show me His will in the first passage to which I should turn. And when I had finished my prayer, and opened the book, I met with these words: 'To you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, but to others in parables!' How many gaps after knowledge! How much better he who has made himself barren for the love of God."

Preface to *Monumenta Franciscana* (Ed. Prof. J. S. Brewer).

XXIII.

Two extracts from the Latin songs of the *Scholares Vagantes* or Wandering Students, showing the anti-medieval spirit. The *Confession of Goliath* is wrongly assigned to Walter Map, one of the most conspicuous names between the Conquest and Chaucer. This species

of literature is chiefly to be found in two MSS. ; one has been published under the title *Carmina Burana* ; the other under the title of *Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes*.

FROM *The Confession of Goliath*. (C.B.)

In the public-house to die
Is my resolution ;
Let wine to my lips be nigh
At life's dissolution :
That will make the angels cry
With glad elocution.
" Grant this toper, God on high,
Grace and absolution ! "

With the cup the soul lights up,
Inspirations flicker ;
Nectar lifts the soul on high
With its heavenly ichor :
To my lips a sounder taste
Hath the tavern's liquor
Than the wine a village clerk
Waters for the vicar.

Nature gives to every man
Some gift serviceable ;
Write I never could nor can
Hungry at the table ;
Fasting, any stripling to
Vanquish me is able ;
Hunger, thirst, I liken to
Death that ends the fable.

FROM *THE Invitation to the Dance*. (C.B.)

Cast aside dull books and thought ;
Sweet is folly, sweet is play :
Take the pleasure Spring hath brought
In youth's opening holiday !
Right it is old age should ponder
On grave matters fraught with care ;
Tender youth is free to wander,
Free to frolic light as air.
Like a dream our prime is flown
Prisoned in a study :
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

FROM *A Song of the Open Road*.

We in our wandering,
Blithesome and squandering,
Tara, tantara, teino !

Eat to satiety,
 Drink with propriety ;
 Tara, tantara, teino !
 Jestng eternally,
 Quaffng infernally :
 Tara, tantara, teino !
 Craft's in the bone of us,
 Fear 'tis unknown of us :
 Tara, tantara, teino !
 When we're in neediness,
 Thieve we with greediness :
 Tara, tantara, teino !
 Brother catholical,
 Man apostolical,
 Tara, tantara, teino.

XXIV. ✓

The worthless author whom I have referred to, knows no more about the genius of languages than the common herd : for there are not four Latins who know Hebrew, Greek and Arabic grammar. I know these four well, for I have made earnest enquiry on both sides of the sea, and have toiled much in these matters. You can find many able to speak Greek and Arabic and Hebrew, but there are extremely few who know the grammatical system of these languages, and can teach it ; for I have put very many to the test. For just as the mity speak the languages which they have learnt, but know nothing of their grammatical method, so it is with these men. . . . And not one of them who does know something about languages, knows anything about science. And so they cannot translate, or be of much service, or enter on real study, although they are good and useful assistants. Therefore we must first have men skilled in foreign tongues, and these cannot be had without great expense. In the same way, we must have plenty of books in foreign tongues, I mean books on grammar and the original texts of the various parts of philosophy, so that the defects and falsities of the Latin manuscript may be found out.—Roger Bacon. *Opus Tertium*.

THE FOUR "OFFENDICULA" OR HINDRANCES TO TRUTH.

There are four very great hindrances to the comprehension of truth which stand in the way of every learned man, and scarcely allow any one to attain to the true title of wisdom, namely, the example of weak and unworthy authority, the permanency of habit, the notions of the ignorant multitude, and the concealing of one's own ignorance with the show of apparent wisdom. Every man is entangled in these things, and every condition of life is taken possession of by them—Roger Bacon. *Opus Majus*.

XXV. ✓

A Scene from Robert Greene's play, entitled, *The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, acted in 1591, if not

before; pub. 1594. The play is bright and vigorous, and presents the two Friars as magicians. Thomas of Bungay, who was markedly influenced by Bacon, appears to have attached great importance to mathematics, and lectured both at Oxford and Cambridge.

A company of distinguished persons, including King Henry III. of England and the Emperor of Germany, have just witnessed the discomfiture of Friar Bungay by a German necromancer, called Jaques Vandermast, who has raised Hercules to strip off the branches from the tree in the garden of the Hesperides which Bungay had previously caused to appear. Bungay is unable to make Hercules desist.

(Enter BACON.)

Bacon. All hail to this royal company,
That sit to hear and see this strange dispute!—
Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amazed?
What! hath the German acted more than thou?

Van. What art thou that question'st thus?

Bacon. Men call me Bacon.

Van. Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou wert learn'd;
Thy countenance as if science held her seat
Between the circled arches of thy brows.

K. Hen. Now, monarchs, hath the German met his match.

Emp. Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the foil,
Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou did'st gain.

Van. Bacon, wilt thou dispute?

Bacon. No,
Unless he were more learn'd than Vandermast:
For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?

Van. Rais'd Hercules to ruinate that tree
That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.

Bacon. Set Hercules to work.

Van. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy task;
Pull off the golden branches from the root.

Her. I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon here,
Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can?

Van. By all the thrones, and dominations,
Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.

Her. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,
And rules Asmenoth, guider of the north,
Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast.

K. Hen. How now, Vandermast? have you met with your match?

Van. Never before was't known to Vandermast
That men held devils in such obedient awe.
Bacon doth more than that, or else I fail.

Emp. Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome?—
Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill.

Bacon. I came not, monarchs, for to hold dispute
With such a novice as is Vandermast;
I came to have your royalties to dine
With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose;

And, for this German troubles but the place,
And holds this audience with a long suspense,
I'll send him to his academy hence.—
Thou, Hercules, whom Vandermaast did raise,
Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight,
That he may learn by travail, 'gainst the spring,
More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.
Vanish the tree, and thou away with him !

(Exit HERCULES with VANDERMAAST and the tree)

Emp. Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him ?

Bacon. To Hapsburg : there your highness at return
Shall find the German in his study safe.

K. Hen. Bacon, thou hast honour'd England with thy skill,
And made fair Oxford famous by thine art.

XXVI.

A PICTURE OF THE MONK IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

A MONK ther was, a fair for the maistrye,
An out-rydere, that lovede venerye ;
A manly man, to been an abbot able.
Full many a deyntee hors hadde he in stable :
And, whan he rood, men mighte his brydel here
Ginglen in a whistling wynd as clere,
And eek as loud as doth the chapel-belle.
Ther as this lord was keeper of the celle,
The reule of seint Maure or of seint Benoit,
By-cause that it was old and som-del streit,
This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the space.
He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
That seith, that hunters been nat holy men ;
Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees,
Is likned to a fish that is waterlees ;
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.
But thilke text held he nat worth an oistre.
And I seyde his opinioun was good.
What sholde he studie, and make him-selven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure,
Or swinken with his handes and laboure,
As Austin bit ? How shal the world be served ?
Lat Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therefor he was a pricasour aright ;
Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel in flight ;
Of priking and of hunting for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I seigh his sieves purfild at the hond
With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond ;
And, for to festne his hood under his chin,

He hadde of golde y-wrought a curious pin :
 A love-knot in the gretter ende ther was.
 His head was balled, that shoon as any glas,
 And eek his face, as he hadde been anoint.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point :
 His eyen stepe, and rollinge in his heed,
 That stemed as a forneys of a leed ;
 His botes souple, his hors in greet estat.
 Now certainly he was a fair prelat ;
 He was nat pale as a for-pyned goost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
 His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.

Chaucer. *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.*
 (Morris and Skeat's text).

XXVII.

Friar Laurence's cell. Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. L. Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence and medicine power :
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the cankered death eats up that plant.

Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., Scene III.

FROM CHAUCER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE FRIAR. (*Prologue.*)

His tipet was ay farsed ful of knyves
 And pinnes for to yeven faire wyves.
 And certainly he hadde a mery note ;
 Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote.
 Of yeddinges he bar utterly the prys.
 His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys.
 Ther-to he strong was as a champioun.
 He new the tavernes wel in every toun.
 And everich hostiler and tappestere
 Bet than a lazar or a beggestere.

XXVIII.

In the faculties of Arts, Theology, Canon Law, and, as many
 assert, Medicine and Civil Law, scarcely a useful book is to be found

in the market, but all are bought up by the friars, so that in every convent there is a great and noble library, and every one of them who has a recognized position in the Universities (and such are now innumerable) has also a noble library. (A statement made in 1257, and significant, although exaggerated.)

XXIX.

Whenever we turned aside to the cities and places where the Mendicants had their convents . . . we found heaped up amidst the utmost poverty the utmost riches of wisdom. . . .

These men are as ants ever preparing their meat in the summer, and ingenious bees continually fabricating cells of honey . . . And to pay due regard to truth, although they lately at the eleventh hour have entered the Lord's vineyard . . . they have added more in this brief hour to the stock of the sacred books than all the other vine-dressers; following in the footsteps of Paul, the last to be called but the first in preaching, who spread the gospel of Christ more widely than all others.

Richard de Bury. *Philobiblon* (1345).

XXX.

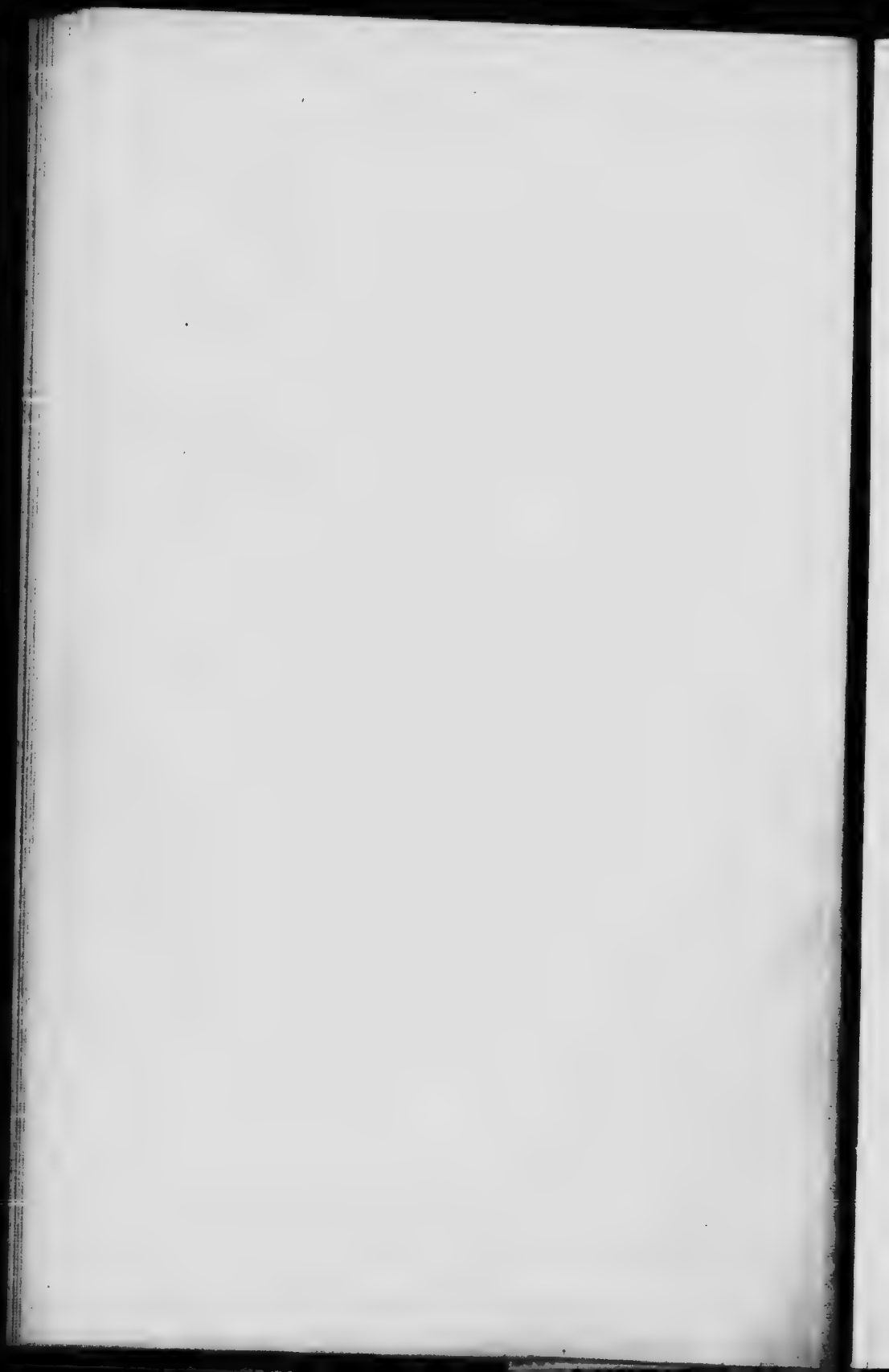
The last description of the once celebrated library of the Franciscans at Oxford, written shortly before the dissolution of the Friary (1538.)

At the Franciscan's house there are cobwebs in the library and moths and bookworms; more than this—whatever others may boast—nothing, if you have regard to learned books. For I, in spite of the opposition of all the friars, carefully examined all the bookcases of the library. John Leland.

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McGill University, Montreal.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (FIRST YEAR COURSE).

PROFESSOR CHAS. E. MOYSE, B.A.

SUBJECTS.

The Arthur-saga.

Its European aspect—the questions to which its comparative study gives rise—its relation to our own Literature—Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

The Idylls of the King—the title—an allegory not a parable.

The Coming of Arthur—the mystery of Arthur's birth—the coronation of Arthur—the allegorical meaning of the three Queens—of the colour of the rays—Merlin—the allegorical meaning of the Lady of the Lake—of Excalibur—of the ship and the wave in a flame—Leodogran's dream—its significance—the marriage hymn.

Gareth and Lynette—the allegory of the story of the royal Eagle—the meaning of Camelot—of the gate—of the old man's story—of the quest of Gareth—of the Knights and their colours and the river.

Geraint and Enid—its source—the court as yet seemingly pure.

Balin and Balan—foreshadowings—King Pellam a false Arthur—the chapel.

Merlin and Vivien—complementary to *Geraint and Enid*—the foul court—the storm.

Lancelot and Elaine—contrast between Elaine and Guinevere.

Holy Grail—Allegorical meaning of the sculpture in the hall—of the windows—of Percival's quest—of Galahad's passing to the Holy City—of Sir Bors's adventure—of Lancelot's—why Arthur does not go on the Quest.

Pelleas and Ettarre—Pelleas and Elaine—the shadow deepens.

The Last Tournament—the fool—Sir Tristram's character—the shadow deepens still more.

Guinevere—the repentance—the scene with Arthur—its poetical quality—not "too late."

The Passing of Arthur—the picture of the last great battle—the close of the allegory.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

XXXI.

Spenser's picture of Arthur. (The Faerie Queene, Bk. I., Canto VII.). Una (*Truth*) meets Arthur (*Magnificence*).

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
 Together with his squire, arrayed meet :
 His glitterand armour shined far away,
 Like glauncing light of Phœbus' brightest ray ;
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of steele endanger may :
 Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
 That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious rare.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bred ;
 For all the crest a dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spred
 His golden wings : his dreadfull hideous hed
 Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,
 That suddaine horrour to fainte hartes did show,
 And sealy tayle was strecht adowne his bick full low.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
 A bunch of haire discoloured diversly,
 With sprinckled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seemed to daunce for jollity ;
 Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene Selinis all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily ;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At every little breath, that under heaven is blowne.
 His warlike shield all closely covr'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene ;
 Not made of steele nor of enduring bras,
 Such earthly metals soon consumed beene ;
 But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
 It framed was, one massy entire mould,
 Hewen out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
 That point of speere it never percen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

Una asks Arthur concerning his lineage. Bk. I., Canto IX.

Faire virgin (said the Prince) ye me r
 A thing without the compas of my wit :
 For both the lignage and the certain sirc
 From which I sprong, from me are hidde

The reference in Nennius to the exploits of Arthur. Nennius is in all likelihood a fictitious name, and the *Historia Britonum* in Latin, which purports to be his, has apparently undergone several recensions.

Then it was, that the magnanimous Arthur, with all the kings and military forces of Britain, fought against the Saxons. And though there were many more noble than himself, yet he was twelve times chosen their commander, and was as often conqueror. The first battle in which he was engaged was at the mouth of the river Gleni. The second, third, fourth and fifth were on another river, by the Britains called Duglass, in the region Linuils. The sixth, on the river Bassas. The seventh, in the wood Celidon; which the Britons call Cat Coit Celidon. The eighth was near Gurnion castle, where Arthur bore the image of the Holy Virgin, mother of God, upon his shoulders, and through the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the holy Mary, put the Saxons to flight, and pursued them the whole day with great slaughter. The ninth was at the City of Legion, which is called Cair Lion. The tenth was on the banks of the river Trat Treuroit. The eleventh was on the mountain Breguoin, which we call Cat Bregion. The twelfth was a most severe contest, when Arthur penetrated to the hill of Badon. In this engagement nine hundred and forty fell by his hand alone, no one but the Lord affording him assistance. In all these engagements the Britons were successful. For no strength can avail against the will of the Almighty.

And Lancelot spoke

And answer'd him at full, as having been
With Arthur in the fight which all day long
Rang by the white mouth of the violent Glem;
And in the four loud battles by the shore
Of Duglas; that on Basa; then the war
That thunder'd in and out the gloomy skirts
Of Celidon the forest; and again

By castle Gurnion, where the glorious King
Had on his cuirass worn our Lady's Head,
Carv'd of one emerald center'd in a sun
Of silver rays, that lighten'd as he breathed;
And at Caerleon had he help'd his lord,
When the strong neighings of the wild white Horse
Set every gilded parapet shuddering;
And up in Agned-Cathregonion too,
And down the waste sand-shores of Trath Treuroit,
Where many a heathen fell; and on the mount
Of Badon I myself beheld the King
Charge at the head of all his Table Round,
And all his legions crying Christ and him,
And break them.

—Elaine.

XXXIII.

GARETH AND LYNETTE.

The list of the Knights as given in Malory and Tennyson.

MALORY.

TENNYSON.

The Green Knight Sir Pertolepe.	The Evening Star or Hesperus.
The Red Knight, Sir Perimones.	The Noonday Sun or Meridies.
The Blue Knight, Sir Persant of Inde.	The Morning Star or Phosphorus.
The Black Knight of the Black Lawns.	The Black Knight or Night or Nox or Death or Mors.
The Red Knight of the Red Lawns, Sir Ironside.	

The order of the combats and the difference in colour.

MALORY.

TENNYSON.

(From night to evening.)	(From morning to night.)
The Black Knight of the Black Lawns (night).	
Green (dawn).	Blue (morning).
Red (noon).	Red (noon).
Blue (evening).	Green (evening).
	Black Knight (night).
The Red Knight of the Red Lawns.	

XXXIV. ✓

THE ORIGINAL OF TENNYSON'S *Merlin and Vivien*.

It fell so that Merlin fell in a dotage on the damsel that King Pellinore brought to court, and she was one of the damsels of the lake that hight Nimue. But Merlin would let her have no rest, but always he would be with her. And ever she made Merlin good cheer till she had learned of him all manner thing that she desired; and he was assotted upon her that he might not be from her. . . . And within awhile the damsel of the lake departed, and Merlin went with her evermore wheresoever she went. And oft times Merlin would have had her away privily by his subtle crafts; then she made him to swear that he should never do none enchantment upon her if he would have his will. And so he sware. And always Merlin lay about the lady to have her love, and she was ever passing weary of him, and would fain have been delivered of him, for she was afraid of him because he was a devil's son, and she could not put him away by no means. And soon a time it happened that Merlin showed to her in a rock whereas was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment that went under a great stone. So by her subtle working

Merlin to go under that stone to let her wit of the marvels there, but she wrought so there for him that he could never out for all the craft that he could do. And so she departed and left Merlin.

Malory. *Morte Darthur.*

In the course of the growth of saga literature, the more prominent actors in the original story become independent centres, and give their names to pieces that describe important events in which they take a chief part. This happened to Tristan (Tristram,) for instance, at an early date, and the cluster of writings in XXXVII might be enlarged by the addition of Tristan romances. The story of Tristram and Isolt is the subject of *The Last Tournament*, of Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Isolt*, and of Swinburne's *Tristram of Lyonesse*. The extract just given may be supplemented by the relation of the fate of Merlin in *Tristram and Isolt*. Although not perfect in form, the following description will serve as a specimen of Matthew's Arnold's general poetical characteristics—subdued tone, delicacy of perception and directness.

What tale did Isolt to the children say,
Under the hollies, that bright winter's day?

She told them of the fairy-haunted land,
Away the other side of Brittany,
Beyond the heaths, edged by the lonely sea;
Of the deep forest-glades of Broce-liande,
Through whose green boughs the golden sunshine creeps,
Where Merlin by the enchanted thorn-tree sleeps.
For here he came with the fay Vivian,
One April, when the warm days first began.
He was on foot, and that false fay, his friend,
On her white palfrey; here he met his end.
In these lone sylvan glades, that April day.
This tale of Merlin and the lovely fay
Was the one Isolt chose, and she brought clear
Before the children's fancy him and her.

They came to where the brushwood ceased, and day
Peer'd 'twixt the stems; and the ground broke away,
In a sloped sward down to a brawling brook;
And up as high as where they stood to look
On the brook's farther side was clear, but then
The underwood and trees began again.
This open glen was studded thick with thorns
Then white with blossom, and you saw the horns,
Through last year's fern, of the shy fallow-deer
Who come at noon down to the water here.
You saw the bright-eyed squirrels dart along
Under the thorns on the green sward; and strong
The blackbird whistled from the dingles near.

And the weird chipping of the woodpecker
 Rang loneliness and sharp; the sky was fair,
 And a fresh breath of spring stirr'd everywhere.
 Merlin and Vivian stopped on the slope's brow.
 To gaze on the light sea of leaf and bough
 Which glistering plays all round them, lone and mild,
 As if to itself the quiet forest smiled.
 Upon the brow-top grew a thorn, and here
 The grass was dry and moss'd, and you saw clear
 Across the hollow; white anemones
 Starr'd the cool turf, and clumps of primroses
 Ran out from the dark underwood behind.
 No fairer resting place a man could find.
 "Here let us halt," said Merlin then, and she
 Nodded, and tied her palfrey to a tree.

They sat them down together, and a sleep
 Fell upon Merlin, more like death, so deep.
 Her finger on her lips, then Vivian rose,
 And from her brown-lock'd head the wimple throws,
 And takes it in her hand, and waves it over
 The blossom'd thorn-tree and her sleeping lover.
 Nine times she waved the fluttering wimple round,
 And made a little plot of magic ground.
 And in that daisied circle, as men say,
 Is Merlin prisoner till the judgment-day;
 But she herself whither she will can rove,—
 For she was passing weary of his love.

—Matthew Arnold, *Tristram and Iseult*.

XXXV. ✓

Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur*, a compilation from various sources, was printed by William Caxton in 1485. From it Tennyson derived material for the *Idylls*, with the exception of *Geraint and Enid*. The following account of the throwing of Arthur's sword Excalibur into the lake may be compared with that of the poet.

Therefore, said Arthur, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yon lea water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again, and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and hilt were all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again to the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. What sawest thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king; therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in.

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so oft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan. Ah, traitor, untrue, said king Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have wend that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art a named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee I shall slay thee with my own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere departed and went to the sword and lightly took it up, and went to the water side, and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and an hand above the water, and met it and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge, with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw king Arthur. Now put me in the barge, said the king; and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps king Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over much cold. And so they rowed from the land; and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among my enemies. Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed.

XXXVI. ✓

CHRONOLOGY OF THE EARLIER ARTHURIAN POEMS OF TENNYSON AND OF THE *Idylls of the King*.

(The numbers after the titles indicate the order in which the pieces now stand.)

1832. *Lady of Shalott*. (Note.—The original of the *nan*, which variously appears as Shalott, Escalot, Astolat, at other forms, was probably Alclut, the old Welsh name of the rock of Dumbarton in the Clyde.)

1842. Sir Galahad.
Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere.
Morte d'Arthur.
1857. Enid and Nimue, or, the True and the False. (Suppressed.)
1859. Idylls of the King. Enid (3 and 4), Vivien (6), Elaine (7),
Guinevere (11).
1869. Coming of Arthur (1), Holy Grail (8), Pelleas and Ettarre (9),
Passing of Arthur (12).
1871. The Last Tournament (10), Contemporary Review, Dec.
1872. Gareth and Lynette (2).
1885. Balin and Balan (5).

XXXVII. ✓

ROMANCE-SOURCES OF THE ARTHUR STORY.

As the accounts of the works which deal with the story of the Holy Graal are generally untrustworthy, the following list has been taken from Nutt's *Studies of the Legend of the Holy Grail*:—

1. *Le Conte del Graal*. A French poem of over 60,000 verses. The poem, so far as at present known, is the work of four men. *Chrestien de Troyes*, Gautier de Douzens, Manessier and Gerbert.
2. *Joseph d'Arimathie*.
Merlin.
This exists in two forms: 1. A fragmentary metrical version, entitled *Li Romanz de l'Estoire dou Graal*; first printed as *Le Roman du St. Graal*. 2. A prose version, *Le Saint Graal ou Le Joseph d'Arimathie*. At the end of this prose version is found, 3. *Percival*. Prose romance.
4. *Queste del Saint Graal*. Prose romance.
5. *Grand St. Graal*. Prose romance.
6. *Parsival*. German metrical romance by (Wolfram von Eschenbach)
7. *Perceval le Gallois*. Prose romance.

The author of (2) names himself Robert de Borron. (4) is ascribed in the MS. to Walter Mapes. (5) is ascribed in the MS. to Robert de Borron. (7) Author unknown.

McSill University, Montreal.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (FIRST YEAR COURSE).

PROFESSOR CHAS. E. MOYSE, B.A.

SUBJECTS.

Period of Italian influence. First sub-division: The influence of great Italian writers on great English writers—the influence of the first Italian triumvirate, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, on Chaucer and the Chaucerians.

A glance at the history of Italy—the Guelf and Ghibelline feud—Florence and Dante Alighieri—Dante's place in Literature—some of his characteristics as a philosopher and a poet—the plan of the Divine Comedy—the plan of Milton's Paradise Lost—Humanism—Francesco Petrarca and Giovanni Boccaccio.

XXXVIII.

DANTE.

Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the tramp of doom;
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!
Methinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks,
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers "Peace!"

LONGFELLOW.

Line 4, *Farinata*.—See Inferno, Canto X.

Line 10, *Fra Hilario*.—See Longfellow's Translation of the Divine Comedy (Houghton), p. 199.

XXXIX.

THE FIRST SIGHT OF BEATRICE.

Already nine times since my birth the heaven of light had accomplished its revolution on itself, when there appeared to my eyes the glorious lady of my thoughts, whom many persons called Beatrice, not knowing what name to give her worthy of her. Since her birth the starry heaven had moved from the occident to the orient the twelfth part of a degree, so that I saw her at the commencement of her ninth year and towards the end of mine. She appeared to me clad in a very noble colour, which was subdued and modest and crimson, and she was girdled and adorned in a manner which befitted her extremely youthful age. At that moment I say truly that the spirit of life which dwells in the most secret chamber of the heart began to tremble so strongly, that it manifested itself violently in the least pulses of my body; and, trembling, it said these words: *Ecce Deus fortior me, qui reuiens dominabitur mihi.* (Behold a God stronger than I, who shall come and rule over me.)—Dante. *La Vita Nuova.*

XL.

THE FORESHADOWING OF THE DIVINE COMEDY.

After this sonnet there appeared to me a wonderful vision, in which I saw things that made me resolve not to speak more of this blessed one, until such time as I could discourse more worthily about her. And to this end I strive as much as I can, just as she herself knows well. So that, if it shall please Him through whom all things live, that my life continue for some years, I hope to say of her that which has never been said of any woman. And then may it please him who is the lord of courtesy, that my mind depart to see the glory of its lady, I mean of that blessed Beatrice, who gloriously gazes in the face of Him, *qui est per omnia secula benedictus.*—*La Vita Nuova* (close).

(The *Vita Nuova*, which describes the love of Dante for Beatrice Portinari, is written in Italian, and consists of prose and poetry. Dante analyses his poems, explaining the meaning of each portion.)

XLI.

THE ACCOUNT OF DANTE'S FIRST ATTRACTION TOWARDS PHILOSOPHY.

When for me the first delight of my soul was lost, concerning which mention has been made already, I declare that I remained stricken with such deep grief that no comfort availed me. After some time my reason, which incessantly strove to find a remedy, since neither my own consolations nor those of others brought any relief, formed the idea of having recourse to the means which some disconsolate spirits had adopted to console themselves. And I applied myself to read that book of Boethius, unknown to many, in which, when wretched and in exile, he had consoled himself. And hearing also that Tully had written another book in which, when discussing the theme of friendship, he had

related how Lælius, a most excellent man, found consolation in his grief for the death of his friend Scipio, I applied myself to read it. And although at first I found it difficult to enter into their sentiments, at last I mastered them so far as the art of grammar which I possessed and a little intelligence on my part enabled me to do. And just as it happens that a man seeks silver and beyond his intention finds gold, which some unknown cause, not perhaps without some divine command, has presented to his eyes, so I, who sought to console myself, found not only a remedy for my tears, but names of authors and terms of science and titles of books; and by considering these I judged well that philosophy was the lady of these authors, sciences and books must be a supreme thing. And I imagined her fashioned like a noble lady, and could not picture her in any guise save one full of pity. Wherefore my sense so marvelled at her of its own accord that I could scarcely turn from her. And because of this imagining, I began to go where she truly showed herself,—that is, in the schools of the religious and in the disputations of philosophers, so that in a short time, perchance in some thirty months, I began to feel her sweetness so much, that love for her chased away and destroyed every other thought in me. . . . For this lady was the daughter of God, was the queen of all, was that most noble and beautiful thing, philosophy.—DANTE, *Il Convito*, II. 13.

(The *Convito*, the second work of Dante's trilogy, the Divine Comedy being the third, consists almost entirely of prose, and is written in Italian.)

XLII.

THE ENTRANCE OF BEATRICE INTO THE DIVINE COMEDY.

(The scene takes place in the Earthly Paradise which is situated on the summit of the Mount of Purgatory. It will be observed that the colours in which Beatrice appears symbolize Faith, Charity and Hope.)

I have seen ere now at the beginning of the day the eastern region all rosy, while the rest of the heaven was beautiful with fair, clear sky; and the face of the sun rise shaded, so that through the tempering of vapours the eye sustained it a long while. Thus within a cloud of flowers, which from the angelic hands was ascending, and falling down again within and without, a lady, with olive wreath above a white veil, appeared to me, robed with the colour of living flame, beneath a green mantle. And my spirit, that now for so long a time had not been broken down, trembling with amazement at her presence, without having more knowledge by the eyes, through occult virtue that proceeded from her, felt the great potency of ancient love.

Soon as upon my sight the lofty virtue smote, which already had transfixed me ere I was out of boyhood, I turned me to the left with the confidence with which the little child runs to his mother when he is frightened, or when he is troubled, to say to Virgil, "Less than a drachm of blood remains in me that doth not tremble; I recognise the symbols of the ancient flame," but Virgil had left us deprived of himself; Virgil, sweetest Father, Virgil to whom I for my salvation

gave me. Nor did all which the ancient mother lost avail unto my cheeks, cleansed with dew, that they should not turn dark again with tears.

"Dante, though Virgil be gone away, weep not yet, weep not yet, for it behoves thee to weep by another sword."

Like an admiral who, on poop or on prow, comes to see the people that are serving on the other ships, and encourages them to do well, upon the left border of the chariot—when I turned me at the sound of my own name, which of necessity is registered here,—I saw the Lady, who had first appeared to me veiled beneath the angelic festival, directing her eyes toward me across the stream; although the veil, which descended from her head, circled by the leaf of Minerva, did not allow her to appear distinctly. Royally, still haughty in her mien, she went on, as one who speaks, and keeps back his warmest speech: "Look at me well: I am, indeed, I am, indeed, Beatrice. How hast thou deigned to approach the mountain? Didst thou know that man is happy here?" My eyes fell down into the clear fount; but seeing myself in it I drew them to the grass, such great shame burdened my brow. As to the son the mother seems proud, so she seemed to me; for somewhat bitter tasteth the savour of stern pity.—*Purg.* Canto XXX. (Charles Eliot Norton's translation.)

XLIII.

Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this World at once. As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renowned metropolis
With glistening spires and pinnacles adorned,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams;
Such wonder seized, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit malign, but much more envy seized,
At sight of all this World beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of Night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth,—and, without longer pause,
Down right into the World's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars that shone,
Stars distant, but nigh-hand seemed other worlds.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. III, lines 540-566.

XLIV.

TO BRUNETTO LATINI.

Sent with the Vita Nuova.

Master Brunetto, this my little maid
Is come to spend her Easter time with you :
Not that she reckons feasting as her due,—
Whose need is hardly to be fed, but read.
Not in a hurry can her sense be weigh'd,
Nor mix the jests of any noisy crew :
Ah ! and she wants a little coaxing too
Before she'll get into another's head.
But if you do not find her meaning clear,
You've many Brother Alberts hard at hand,
Whose wisdom will respond to any call.
Consult with them and do not laugh at her ;
And if she still is hard to understand,
Apply to Master Janus last of all.

DANTE. [Translation by D. G. Rossetti (1828-1882).]

Line 10, *Brother Alberts*. "Probably in allusion to Albert of Cologne."

Line 14, *Master Janus*. "It seems probable that Dante is merely playfully advising his preceptor to avail himself of the twofold insight of Janus the double-faced."

The sonnet is of doubtful authenticity. Brunetto Latini, Dante's tutor, is placed in *Inferno*. See Canto XV. 30. He was also the tutor of Guido Cavalcanti, one of Dante's circle of poets. See the striking reference to Guido Cavalcanti in *Inferno*, Canto X. 63.

XLV.

And so,

One day when Dante felt perplex'd
If any day that could come next
Were worth the waiting for or no,
And mute he sat amid their din,—
Can Grande called the Jester in.

Then facing on his guest, he cried,—

"Say, Messer Dante, how it is

I got out of a clown like this

More than your wisdom can provide."

And Dante : "'Tis man's ancient whim

That still his like seems good to him."

Also a tale is told, how once,

At clearing tables after meat,

Piled for a jest at Dante's feet

Were found the dinner's well-picked bones ;

So laid, to please the banquet's lord,

By one who crouched beneath the board.

Then smiled Can Grande to the rest :
" Our Dante's tuneful mouth indeed
Lacks not the gift on flesh to feed ! "
" Fair host of mine," replied the guest,
" So many bones you'd not descry
If so it chanced the *dog* were I."

For a tale tells that on his track,
As through Verona's streets he went,
This saying certain women sent :—
" Lo, he that strolls to Hell and back
At will ! Behold him, how Hell's reek
Has crisped his beard and singed his cheek."

" Whereat " (Boccaccio's words) " he smil'd
For pride in fame." It might be so :
Nevertheless we cannot know
If haply he were not beguiled
To bitterer mirth, who scarce could tell
If he indeed were back from Hell.

So the day came, after a space,
When Dante felt assured that there
The sunshine must be sicklier
Even than in any other place,
Save only Florence. When that day
Had come, he rose and went his way.

He went and turned not. From his shoes
It may be that he shook the dust,
As every righteous dealer must
Once and again ere life can close :
And unaccomplished destiny
Struck cold his forehead, it may be.

Eat and wash hands, Can Grande ;—scarce
We know their deeds now : hands which fed
Our Dante with that bitter bread ;
And thou the watch-dog of those stairs
Which, of all paths his feet knew well,
Were steeper found than Heaven or Hell.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882), *Dante at Verona*.

XLVI.

The morning of the 8th of April, 1341, was ushered in by the sound of trumpets ; and the people, ever fond of a show, came from all quarters to see the ceremony. Twelve youths, selected from the best families of Rome, and clothed in scarlet, opened the procession, repeating as they went some verses, composed by the poet, in honour of the Roman people. They were followed by six citizens of Rome, clothed in green, and bearing crowns wreathed with different flowers. Petrarch walked in the midst of them ; after him came the senator,

accompanied by the first men of the council. The streets were strewed with flowers, and the windows filled with ladies, dressed in the most splendid manner, who showered perfumed waters on the poet. He at that time wore the robe that had been presented to him by the King of Naples. When they reached the Capitol, the trumpets were silent, and Petrarch, having made a short speech, in which he quoted a verse from Virgil, cried out three times "Long live the Roman people! long live the Senators! may God preserve their liberty!" At the conclusion of these words, he knelt before the senator Orso, who, taking a crown of laurel from his own head, placed it on that of Petrarch, saying, "This crown is the reward of virtue." The poet then repeated a sonnet in praise of the ancient Romans. The people testified their approbation by shouts of applause crying, "Long flourish the Capitol and the poet!" The friends of Petrarch shed tears of joy, and Stefano Colonna, his favourite hero, addressed the assembly in his honour.

The ceremony having been finished at the Capitol, the procession, amidst the sound of trumpets and the acclamations of the people, repaired thence to the church of St. Peter where Petrarch offered up his crown of laurel before the altar. The same day the Count of Anguillara caused letters patent to be delivered to Petrarch, in which the senators, after a flattering preamble, declared that he had merited the title of a great poet and historian; that, to mark his distinction, they had put upon his head a laurel crown, not only by the authority of King Robert, but by that of the Roman Senate and people; and that, they gave him, at Rome and elsewhere, the privilege to read, to dispute to explain ancient books, to make new ones, to compose poems, and to wear a crown according to his choice, either of laurel, beech, or myrtle, as well as the poetic habit. At that time a particular dress was affected by the poets.

From *Petrarch's Sonnets and Life* (Bohn's Illustrated Library).

XLVII.

TO LAURA IN DEATH.

SONNET LXXXIII.

Volo con l'ali de' pensieri al cielo.

HE SEEMS TO BE WITH HER IN HEAVEN.

So often on the wings of thought I fly
Up to heaven's blissful seats, that I appear
As one of those whose treasure is lodged there,
The rent veil of mortality thrown by.
A pleasing chillness thrills my heart, while I
Listen to her voice, who bids me paleness wear—
"Ah! now, my friend, I love thee, now revere,
For changed thy face, thy manners," doth she cry.
She lead me to her Lord: and then I bow,
Preferring humble prayer, He would allow
That I should see his face and hers might see.
Thus he replies: "Thy destiny's secure;
To stay some twenty, or some ten years more,
Is but a little space, though long it seems to thee."—NOTT.

XLVIII.

Dante's genius did not wait long for official recognition. The University of Florence founded a chair for the study of his works in 1373, fifty-two years after his death, and Boccaccio was appointed to fill it. The lectures of Boccaccio, consisting of readings and elucidation of the text, were delivered in the church of San Stefano, in Florence. Boccaccio's commentary extends to the seventeenth line of the seventeenth Canto of the *Inferno*, where it ends with an unfinished sentence. That the lecturer had critics in his audience is apparent from his addressing one of them in the following sonnet:

TO ONE WHO HAD CENSURED HIS PUBLIC EXPOSITION OF DANTE.

If Dante mourns, there wheresoe'er he be,
That such high fancies of a soul so proud
Should be laid open to the vulgar crowd,
(As, touching my Discourse, I'm told by thee,)
This were my grievous pain; and certainly
My proper blame should not be disavow'd;
Though hereof somewhat, I declare aloud
Were due to others, not a one to me.
False hopes, true poverty, and therewithal
The blinded judgment of a host of friends,
And their entreaties, made that I did thus.
But of all this there is no gain at all
Unto the thankless souls with whose base ends
Nothing agrees that's great or generous.

(Translation by D. G. Rossetti.)

What Boccaccio felt regarding Dante's power can be gathered from the sonnet entitled

INSCRIPTION FOR A PORTRAIT OF DANTE.

DANTE ALIGHIERI, a dark oracle
Of wisdom and art, I am; whose mind
Has to my country such great gifts assign'd
That men account my powers a miracle.
My lofty fancy passed as low as Hell,
As high as Heaven, secure and unconfin'd;
And in my noble book doth every kind
Of earthly lore and heavenly doctrine dwell.
Renowned Florence was my mother,—nay,
Stepmother unto me her piteous son,
Through sin of cursed slander's tongue and tooth.
Ravenna sheltered me so cast away;
My body is with her,—my soul with One
For whom no envy can make dim the truth.

McGill University, Montreal.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (FIRST YEAR COURSE).

PROFESSOR CHAS. E. MOYSE, B.A.

SUBJECTS.

A comparative view of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare and Milton—Chaucer's England—the French question—the Prioress—the Scotch border and the Channel—the Merchant and Shipman—the crusading spirit—the Chivalric Group—the Knight, Squire and Yeoman—the country side—monasteries—the Monk—his worldliness—the Friar and his mode of life—the Clerk of Oxenford—the Parson—the Franklin—Chaucer's London—the group of handicraftsmen—the Tabard—the journey to Canterbury—Becker's murder—the shrine—the Tale of Beryn—John Lydgate's *Sege of Thebes*.

The minor poems of Chaucer—The Chaucerians—the vision-poetry—the two classes of visions—the other-world visions illustrated in the *Harrowing of Hell*, the *Pearl*, *Dunbar's Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, and *Lindsay's Dream*—the narrower Chaucerian vision—the time of year—book-reading—the *Parlement of Foules*—the *Kings Quhair*—the *Vision of Piers the Plowman*—the usual astronomical reference—the *Astrolabe*—palaces and temples—pictures on the wall—some lists—the *Hous of Fame*—Lydgate's *Temple of Glas*—"Complaints,"—*Venus*,—the *Confessio Amantis*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

(The student, by observing the following rules, will find that Early and Middle English verse as given in a good text reads as smoothly as modern poetry: (a) final *ed*, *es* and *en* are to be pronounced as separate syllables; (b) final *e* is to be pronounced like the final *a* in *China*, when it is followed by a word beginning with a consonant. When the next word begins with a vowel, and in certain cases with *h*, the final *e* is silent.

Pronounce the vowels as in French or Italian, and observe that *oo* has the sound of *o* in *too*, and not the sound of *oo* in *cool*, which is comparatively modern.

An exhaustive inquiry into the extent and character of Chaucer's learning has been made by Prof. T. R. Louasbury, and is set forth in his *Studies in Chaucer*, vol. II., pages 169-426.)

XXXIX.

Along these low pleached lanes, on such a day,
 So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,
 With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad wild way,
 And heart still hovering o'er a song begun,
 And smile that warmed the world with benison,
 Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme,
 Long since hath haply ridden, when the lime
 Bloomed broad above him, flowering where he came,
 Because thy passage once made warm this clime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each year that England clothes herself with May,
 She takes thy likeness on her. Time hath spun
 Fresh raiment all in vain and strange array
 For earth and man's new spirit, fain to shun
 Things past for dreams of better to be won,
 Through many a century since thy funeral chime
 Rang, and men deemed it death's most direful crime
 To have spared not thee for very love or shame;
 And yet, while mists round last year's memories climb,
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each turn of the old wild road whereon we stray,
 Meseems, might bring us face to face with one
 Whom seeing we could not but give thanks, and pray
 For England's love our father and her son
 To speak with us as once in days long done
 With all men, sage and churl and monk and mime,
 Who knew not as we know the soul sublime
 That sang for song's love more than lust of fame.
 Yet, though this be not, yet, in happy time,
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Friend, even as bees about the flowering thyme.
 Years crowd on years, till hoar decay begrime
 Names once beloved; but, seeing the sun the same,
 As birds of autumn fain to praise the prime,
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

A. C. SWINBURNE,

(On a country Road (A Midsummer Holiday).)

XL. ✓

He was one of the rare authors whom, if we had met him under a porch in a shower, we should have preferred to the rain. He could be happy with a crust and spring-water, and could see the shadow of his benign face in a flagon of Gascon wine without fancying Death sitting opposite to cry *Supernaculum*! when he had drained it. He could

look to God without abjectness, and on man without contempt. The pupil of manifold experience,—scholar, courtier, soldier, ambassador, who had known poverty as a housemate and been the companion of princes,—his was one of those happy temperaments that could equally enjoy both halves of culture,—the world of books and the world of men.

“Unto this day it doth mine herte boote,

“That I have had my world as in my time !”

The portrait of Chaucer which we owe to the loving regret of his disciple Occleve, confirms the judgment of him which we make from his works. It is, I think, more engaging than that of any other poet. The downcast eyes, half sly, half meditative, the sensuous mouth, the broad brow, drooping with weight of thought, and yet with an inexpugnable youth shining out of it as from the morning forehead of a boy, are all noticeable, and not less so their harmony of placid tenderness. We are struck, too, with the smoothness of the face as of one who thought easily, whose phrase flowed naturally, and who had never puckered his brow over an unmanageable verse.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.—*Literary Essays, Chaucer.*

XLI.

- 321 And, sooth to seyn, my chambre was
Ful wel depeynted, and with glas
Were al the windows wel y-glased,
Ful clere, and nat an hole y-crased,
That to beholde hit was gret Ioye.
For hoolly al the storie of Troye
Was in the glasing y-wrought thus,
Of Ector and king Priamus,
Of Achilles and Lamedon,
Of Medea and of Iason,
330 Of Paris, Eleyne, and Lavyne.
And alle the walles with colours fyn
Were peynted, bothe text and glose,
(Of) al the Romaunce of the Rose.
My windowes weren shet echon,
And through the glas the sunne shon
Upon my bed with brighte bemes,
With many glade gilden strems;
And eek the welken was so fair,
Blew, bright, clere was the air,
340 And ful atempre, for sothe, hit was;
For nother cold nor hoot hit nas,
Ne in al the welken was a cloude.

CHAUCER, *The Book of the Duchesse.* (Skcat's text.)

324, y-crased, *broken*; 333, glose, *margin*; 334, echon, *each one*;
340, atempre, *mild*.

XLII.

Of Decembre, the tenth day,
When hit was night, to slepe I lay

But as I sleep, me mette I was
Within a temple y-mad of glas ;

For certeynly, I wiste never
Wher that I was, but wel wiste I,
Hit was of Venus redely,
The temple ;

But as I romed up and down,
I fond that on a wal ther was
Thus writen, on a table of bras :
" I wol now singe, if that I can,
The armes, and also the man,
That first cam, through his destinee,
Fugitif of Troye cuntrye,
In Itaile, with ful moche pyne,
Unto the strondes of Lavyne."
And tho began the story anon,
As I shal telle yow echoon.

First saw I the destruccioun
Of Troye, through the Greek Sinoun,
(That) with his false forsweringe,
And his chere and his lesinge
Made the hors bryght into Troye,
Thorgh which Troyens loste al hir Ioye.
And after this was grave, allas !
How Ilioun assailed was
And wonne, and king Priam y-slayn,
And Polites his sone, certayn,
Dispitously, of dan Pirrus.

Eek lo ! how fals and reccheles
Was to Briseida Achilles,
And Paris to Enone ;
And Iason to Isiphile ;
And est Iason to Medea ;
And Ercules to Dyanira ;
For he leste hir for Iole,
That made him cacche his deeth, parde.
How fals eek was he Theseus ;
That, as the story telleth us,
How he betrayed Adriane ;
The devel be his soules bane !.....

CHAUCER.—*The Hous of Fame.* (Skeat's text.)
me mette, I dreamed ; wiste, knew ; redely, certainly ; pyne, labour ;
echoon, each one ; chere, face ; lesinge, falsehood, grave, graven ;
reccheles, reckless ; bane, destruction.

XLIII.

- (365) 1455 These, of whiche I ginne rede,
 Ther saugh I stonden, out of drede :
 Upon an yren piler strong,
 That peynted was, al endelong,
 With tygres blode in every place,
 1460 The Tholosan that highte Stace,
 That bar of Thebes up the fame
 Upon his shuldres, and the name
 Also of cruel Achilles.
 And by him stood, withouten lees,
 Ful wonder hye on a pileer
 Of yren, he, the gret Omeer ;
 And with him Dares and Tytus
 Before, and eek he, Lollius,
 And Guido eek de Celumpnis,
 1470 And English Gaufride eek, y-wis ;
 And each of these, as have I loye,
 Was besy for to bere up Troye.
 So hevy ther-of was the fame,
 That for to bere hit was no game.
 But yit I gan ful wel espye,
 Betwix hem was a litel envye.
 One seyde, Omere made lyes,
 Feyninge in his poctryes,
 And was to Grekes favorable ;
 1480 Therfor held he hit but fable.
 Tho saugh I stonde on a pileer,
 That was of tinned yren cleer,
 That Latin poete (dan) Virgyle,
 That bore hath up a longe whyle
 The fame of Pius Eneas.
 And next him on a piler was,
 Of copur, Venus clerk, Ovyde,
 That hath y-sowen wonder wyde
 The grete god of Loves name.
 1490 And ther he bar up wel his fame,
 Upon this piler, also hye
 As I might see hit with myn yē,
 For-why this halle, of whiche I rede
 Was woxe on highte, longthe and brede,
 Wel more, by a thousand del,
 Than hit was erst, that saugh I wel.
 Tho saugh I, on a piler by,
 Of yren wrought ful sternely,
 The grete poete, daun Lucan,
 1500 And on his shuldres bar up than,
 As highe as that I mighte see,
 The fame of Iulius and Pompee.
 And by him stoden alle these clerkes,

That writen of Romes mighty workes,
That, if I wolde hir names telle,
Al to longe moste I dwelle.

And next him on a piler stood
Of soulfre, lyk as he were wood,
Dan Claudian, the soth to telle.
1510 That bar up al the fame of helle.
Of Pluto, and of Proserpyne,
That quene is of the derke pyne.

CHAUCER.—*The Hous of Fame.* Lines 1455–1512.
(Bk. III., lines 365–422) (Skeat's text).

1455, ginne rede, *begin to describe*; 1456, saugh, *saw*; out of drede, *without doubt*; 1460, Statius was born at Naples (A.D. 61), and not at Toulouse. Dante, whom Chaucer follows here, makes the same blunder. The *Thebais* of Statius was widely known in the middle ages, as also his *Achilleis* which was left unfinished. See Dante, *Purg.* XXI. 87; 1464, withouten lees, *without falsehood, certainly*; 1467, Dares and Tytus, *Dares and (probably) Dictys*. Dares Phrygius (the Phrygian) and Dictys Cretensis (the Cretan) were the assumed authors of two short Latin prose narratives of the Trojan war. During the middle ages when Homer was known only by name and discredited as a teller of fables, Dares and Dictys became the source from which the tellers of the Troy story professed to draw material. Guido delle Colonna (line 1469), for instance, names Dares and Dictys as his authorities in his *Historia Trojana*, a work with which Chaucer was quite familiar, and of which he made use. On examination, however, the *Historia Trojana* is found to be a translation of the *Roman de Troie* of Benoit de Sainte-Maure, to which the popularity of the Troy story is largely due. Guido's *Historia Trojana* found its way into Middle English literature with the title *Geste Historiale of the Destruction of Troy*. 1470, Gaufride, *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, who gives an account of the settlement of the Trojans in Britain. This fable becomes almost a commonplace in subsequent literature. 1470, y-wis, *certainly*; 1474, game, *light matter*; 1491, also hyc, *as high*; 1492, yê, *eye*; 1493, for-why, *because*; 1494, was woxe, *had become*; 1495, del, *times*; 1499, Lucan's *Pharsalia* describes the war between Cæsar and Pompey; 1503, clerkes, *scholars*; 1505, hir, *their*; 1506, I should have to delay all too long; 1507, wood, *mad*; 1508, soulfre, *sulphur*; 1509, to tell the troth; 1511, the allusion is to Claudian's poem *De Raptu Proserpinæ*; derke pyne, *dark place of punishment*.

XLIV.

And first of all I saugh there of Car(ta)ge
Dido the quene, so goodli of visage,
That gan complein hir aduenture & caas,
How she deceyued was of Eneas,
For al his hestis & his othis sworne,
And said: 'alas, that ever she was borne.'

Whan that she saugh that ded she most(e) be.

And next I saugh the compleint of Medee.
Hou that she was falsed of Iason,
And nygh bi Venus saugh I sit Addoun,
And al the maner, hov the bore him slough,
For whom she wepte & hade pain toughte.

There saugh I also, hov Penelope,
For she so long hir lord ne myght(e) se,
Ful of t(e) wex of colour pale & grene.

And aldernext was the fressh(e) quene,
I mene Alceste, the noble trw(e) wyfe,
And for Admete hou she lost hir life,
And for hir trouth, if I shal not lie,
Hou she was turnyd to a dai(e)sie.

There was (also) Grisildis innocence,
And al hir mekenes, & hir pacience.

There was eke Isaude—& meni a nothir mo—
And al the turment, and al the cruel wo,
That she hade for Tristram al hir liue.

And mani a stori, mo then I rekin can,
Were in the tempil, & hov that Paris wan
The faire Heleyne, the lusti fressh(e) quene,
And hov Achilles was for Policene
I-slain vnwarli within Troi(e) tounne :
Al this sawe I, (walkynge vp & down.
Ther sawe I) writen eke the hole tale,
Hov Philomene into a nyghtyngale
Iturnd was, and Progne vnto a swallow ;
And hov the Sabyns in hir maner halowe
The fest of Lucrece yit in Rome tove.

There saugh I also the sorow of Palamoun
That he in prison felt, & al the smert,
And hov that he, thurgh vnto his bert,
Was hurt vnwarli thurgh chastyng of an eyghe
Of faire fressh, the yung(e) Emelie,
And al the strife bitwene him and his brothir,
And hou that one faught eke with that othir
With-in the groue, til thei bi Theseus
Acordid were, as Chaucer tellith us.

JOHN LYDGATE,
Temple of Glas (Schick's Text).

(The early English symbol for a softened *g* has been changed to *gh* or *y* in a few places.)

XLV.

1967 (1109) Why sholde I noght as wel eek telle yow al
The portreiture, that ws up-on the wal
With-inne the temple of mighty Mars the rede ?

- 1970 Al peynted was the wal, in lengthe and brede,
 Lyk to the castres of the grisly place,
 That highte the grete temple of Mars in Trace,
 In thilke colde frosty regioun,
 Ther-as Mars hath his sovereyn mansioun.
 First on the I was peynted a foreste,
 In which ther dwelleth neither man ne best.
 With knotty knarry bareyn trees olde
 Of stubbes sharpe and hidous to biholde;
 In which ther ran a rumbel and a swough,
 As though a storm sholde bresten every bough:
 And downward from an hille, under a bente,
 Ther stood a temple of Mars armipotent,
 Wroght al of burned steel, of which thentree
 Was long and streit, and gastly for to see.
 And ther-out cam a rage and such a vese,
 That it made al the gates for to rese.
 The northren light in at the dores shoon,
 For windowe on the wal ne was ther noon,
 Thurgh which men mighten any light discerne.
 1980 The dores were alle of adamant eterne,
 Y-clenched overthwart and endelong
 With iren tough; and, for to make it strong,
 Every piler, the temple to sustene,
 Was tonne-great, of iren bright and shene.
 Ther saugh I first the derke imagining
 Off felonye, and al the compassing;
 The cruel ire, reed as any glode;
 The pykepurs, and eek the pale drede;
 The smyler with the knyf under the cloke;
 2000 The shepne brenning with the blake smoke;
 The treson of the mordring in the bedde;
 The open werre, with woundes al bi-blodde;
 Contek, with bloody knyf and sharp manace;
 Al ful of chirking was that sory place.
 The sleere of him-self yet saugh I ther,
 His herte-blood hath bathed al his heer;
 The nayl y-driven in the shode a-night;
 The colde deeth, with mouth gaping up right.

CHAUCER.—*The Knightes Tale.*

l. 1967 (1109), 2008 (1150),

(Skeat's Text.)

1969, rede, red; 1970, brede, breadth; 1971, castres, inner parts;
 grisly, terrible; 1972, Trace, Thrace; 1973, thilke, the same; 1974,
 Ther as, where; 1977, knarry, gnarled; 1979, rumbel, rumbling;
 swough, sough; 1980, bresten, burst, break; 1981, bente, grassy
 slope; 1983, burned, burnished; 1984, streit, narrow; 1985, rage,
 fierce blast; vese, rush; 1986, rese, shake; 1987, shoon, shone; 1991,

overthwart, *across* : endelong, *lengthwise* : 1994, *tonne-great, great as a cask* : 1995, *saugh, saw* ; derke, *dark* : imagining, *plotting* : 1996, *compassing, contrivance* : 1997, *glede, glowing coal* : 1998, *pykepur, pick-purse* : drede, *dread, fear* : 2000, *shepne, stable* ; brenning, *burning* : blake, *black* : 2002, *bi-bledde, covered with blood* : 2003, *Contek, Contest* : manace, *menace* ; 2004, *chirking, grating noise* : 2005, *slcere, slayer* : 2006, *heer, hair* ; 2007, *shode (literally, parting of the hair), temple of the head*.

XLVI.

But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
 With different figures all the sides were spread ;
 This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
 Was imitative of the first in Thrace ;
 For that cold region was the loved abode
 And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
 The landscape was a forest wide and bare,
 Where neither beast nor human kind repair,
 The fowl that scent afar the borders fly.
 And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
 A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
 And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found ;
 Or woods with knots and knares deformed and oid,
 Headless the most, and hideous to behold ;
 A rattling tempest through the branches went,
 That stripped them bare, and one sole way they bent.
 Heaven froze above severe, the clouds congeal,
 And through the crystal vault appeared the standing hail.
 Such was the face without : a mountain stood
 Threatening from high, and overlooked the wood :
 Beneath the lowering brow, and on a bent,
 The temple stood of Mars omnipotent ;
 The frame of burnished steel that cast a glare
 From far, and seemed to thaw the freezing air.
 A straight long entry to the temple led,
 Blind with high walls, and horror over head :
 Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar,
 As threatened from the hinge to heave the door ;
 In through that door a northern light there shone ;
 'Twas all it had, for windows there were none.
 The gate was adamant ; eternal frame,
 Which, hewed by Mars himself, from Indian quarries came,
 The labour of a God ; and all along
 Tough iron plates were clenched to make it strong.
 A tun about was every pillar there ;
 A polished mirror shone not half so clear.
 There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
 And treason labouring in the traitor's thought .
 There the red Anger dared the pallid Fear
 Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer,

Soft, smiling, and demurely looking down,
 But hid the dagger underneath the gown ;
 The assassinating wife, the household fiend ;
 And far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
 On the other side there stood Desolation bare,
 Unpunished Rapine, and a waste of war ;
 Contest with sharpened knives in cloisters drawn,
 And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
 Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
 And bawling infamy, in language base ;
 Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the place.
 The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
 The gore congealed was clotted in his hair ;
 With eyes half closed and gaping mouth he lay,
 And grim as when he breathed his sullen soul away.

DRYDEN.—*Palamon and Arcite*. Book II., lines 524-579.

XLVII.

THE COMPLEINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you, my purse, and to non other wight
 Compleyne I, for ye be my lady dere !
 I am so sory, now that ye be light ;
 For certes, but ye make me hevy chere,
 Me were as leef be leyd up-on my bere ;
 For which un-to your mercy thus I crye :
 Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye !

Now vouceth sauf this day, or hit be night,
 That I of you the blisful soun may here,
 Or see your colour lyk the sonne bright,
 That of yelownesse hadde never pere.
 Ye be my lyf, ye be myn hertes stere,
 Quene of comfort and of good companye :
 Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye !

Now purs, that be to me my lyves light,
 And saveour, as doun in this worlde here,
 Out of this tounne help me through your might,
 Sin that ye wele nat been my tresorere ;
 For I am shave as nye as any frere.
 But yit I pray un-to your curtesye :
 Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye !

LENGVOY DE CHAUCER.

O conquerour of Brutes Albioun !
 Which that by lyne and free eleccioun
 Ben verray king, this song to you I sende ;
 And ye, that mowen al our harm amende,
 Have minde up-on my supplicacioun !

(Skeat's text.)

(Four days after the accession of Henry of Lancaster to the throne as Henry IV. (Sept. 30, 1399), Chaucer's period of distress came to an end. The poet did not long enjoy his better fortune. He died on Oct. 25, 1400.)

XLVIII.

The *Teseide* of Boccaccio, an epic poem in Italian, afforded Chaucer matter not only for *The Parlement of Foules*, which contains sixteen stanzas directly taken from it, but also for the *Knights Tale*, the first of the *Canterbury Tales*, which is really derived from it. There are other traces of the influence of the *Teseide* on Chaucer.

Boccaccio, *Teseide*.

And near to the entry of the temple
She saw that there sat quietly
My lady Peace, who a curtain
Moved lightly before the door.
Next her, very subdued in aspect,
Sat Patience discreetly,
Pallid in look ; and on all sides
Around her she saw artful Promises.

Then entering the temple, of Sighs
She felt there an earthquake, which whirled
All fiery with hot desires.
This lit up all the altars
With new flames born of pangs ;
Each of which dripped with tears
Produced by a woman cruel and fell
Whom she there saw, called Jealousy.

Chaucer—*The Parlement of Foules*
Before the temple dore ful soberly
Dame Pees sat, with a curteyn in hir hond ;
And hir besyde, wonder discretly,
Dame Pacience sitting ther I fond
With face pale, upon an hille of sond ;
And alder-nex, within and cek with-oute,
Behest and Art, and of hir folke a route.

Within the temple, of syghes hote as fyr
I herde a swogh (*murmur*) that gan aboute renne ;
Which syghes were engendred with desyr,
That maden every auter for to brenne
Of newe flaume ; and well aspyed I thenne
That al the cause of sorwes that they drye (*suffer*)
Com of the bitter goddesse Ialousye.

The following extract from Prof. Skeat's edition of the Minor Poems of Chaucer will serve to show the indebtedness of Chaucer to Dante, so far as the *House of Fame* is concerned. It will also serve as a specimen of modern criticism, which is being applied, particularly by the Germans, to the poets of the Chaucerian school with reference to Chaucer himself.

"It is needless to say that this poem is genuine, as Chaucer himself claims it twice over : once in his Prologue to the Legend of Good Women (l. 417), and again by the insertion in the poem itself of the name *Geffrey* (l. 729). The influence of Dante is here very marked : hence Lydgate refers to it by the name of "Dante in English." This influence is thoroughly discussed by Rambeau in *Englische Studien*, iii. 209, in an article which is far too important to be neglected. I can only say here that the author points out both general and particular likenesses between the two poems. In general, both are visions : both are in three books ; in both the authors seek abstraction from surrounding troubles by venturing into the realm of imagination ; as Dante is led by Virgil, so Chaucer is upborne by the eagle. Dante begins his third book, *Il Paradiso*, with an invocation to Apollo, and Chaucer likewise begins his third book with the same ; moreover, Chaucer's invocation is little more than a translation of Dante's.

"Among the particular resemblances, we may notice the method of commencing each division of the poem with an invocation. Again, both poets mark the exact date of commencing their poems : Dante descended into the Inferno on Good Friday 1300 (*Inf.* xxi. 112) ; Chaucer began his work on the 12th of December, the year being, probably, 1383.

"Chaucer sees the desert of Libya (l. 488), corresponding to similar waste spaces mentioned by Dante. Chaucer's eagle is Dante's eagle. Chaucer gives an account of Phaeton (l. 942) and of Icarus (l. 920) much like those given by Dante (*Inf.* xvii. 107, 109) ; both accounts, however, may have been taken from Ovid. Chaucer's account of the eagle's lecture to him (l. 729) is copied from *Parad.* i. 109-117. Chaucer's steep rock of ice (l. 1130) corresponds to Dante's steep rock (*Purg.* iii. 47). If Chaucer cannot describe all the beauty of the House of Fame (l. 1168), Dante is equally unable to describe Paradise (*Par.* i. 6). Chaucer copies from Dante his description of Statius, and follows his mistake in saying that he was born at Toulouse." (Statius, the poet, was born at Naples.) "The description of the House of Rumour is also imitated from Dante. Chaucer's error of making Marsyas a female arose from his not understanding the Italian form Marsia."

Virgin mother, daughter of thy Son, humble and exalted more than any other creature, fixed limit of eternal counsel, thou art she who hast so ennobled human nature that its Maker did not disdain to make Himself of His own creation.—Thy benignity not only succours him who asks it, but many times freely forestalls his request. In thee is mercy, in thee is pity, in thee is munificence, in thee is united all the goodness that exists in a created being. Dante. Par. Canto XXXIII. (at the beginning.)

Invocacio ad Mariam.

Thou mayde and mooder, doghter of thy sone,
Thou welle of mercy, sinful soules cure,
In whom that god, for bountee, ches to wone, (*chose to dwell*);
Thou humble, and heigh over every creature,
Thou nobledest so ferlorth our nature,
That no desdeyn the maker hadde of kinde,
His sone in blode and flesh to clothe and winde.

Assembled is in thee magnificence,
With mercy, goodnesse, and with swich pitee
That thou, that art the sonne of excellence,
Nat only helpst hem that preyn thee,
But ofte tyme, of thy benignitee,
Ful frely, er that men thyn help biseche, (*lires*)
Thou goost biforn and art hir lyves leche. (*the physician of their*)
Chaucer. *The Seconde Nonnes Tale.*

LI.

A classification of the Chaucerian school.

Chaucerians.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

John Lydgate.

Stephen Hawes (Spenserian Link).

Scotch Chaucerians—very numerous.

King James I.

Robert Henryson.

William Dunbar.

Gavin Douglas.

Sir David Lindsay of the Mount.

Dunbar, Douglas and Lindsay form the *great triumvirate of Scotch poets* of the century 1450-1550. It has been noticed that Scotch literature is frequently strong when English is weak. The period of the Scotch triumvirate corresponds to a period of great literary dearth in England, owing largely to the Wars of the Roses.

Chaucer modernized by the French school.

Chaucer.

The Knightes Tale.
The Nonne Preestes Tale.
The Tale of the Wyf of Bathe.

The Marchantes Tale.
The Hous of Fame.

Dryden.

Palamon and Arcite.
The Cock and the Fox.
The Wife of Bath her Tale.

Pope.

January and May.
The Temple of Fame.

I see all the Pilgrims in the "Canterbury Tales,"
their humours, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I
had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark. Dryden *Preface*
to "*Fables*."

McGill University, Montreal.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (FIRST YEAR COURSE).

PROFESSOR CHAS. E. MOYSE, B.A.

SUBJECTS.

Elizabethan Period—Spenser and the Spenserians—The general features of the Elizabethan Period—the four central names, Spenser, Shakspeare, Bacon, Hooker—the larger world of discovery—Camöens—the practical character of the age—Bacon's *New Atlantis*—the various stages of Humanism—the fall of New Rome—the movement to Italy—Leo X—Grocyn, Linacre, Latimer, More—Oxford and Erasmus—Cambridge—Sir John Cheke—Italian forms—Elizabethan Miscellanies.

Some such little groups as the following may prove useful in connection with the Italian Renaissance. Exact dates are not important, but contemporaneousness is. The centres given do not always tell the whole story.

EARLIER RENAISSANCE.

The latter half of the fifteenth century, 1450-1500.

Lorenzo de' Medici (Lorenzo the Magnificent)—the foremost patron of Fine Arts in his day and a poet of mark—centre, *Florence*.

Poliziano (Lat. Politianus)—the foremost Greek scholar and stylist of his day—important as a poet—his lectures attended by great numbers of students, among them Grocyn, Linacre, William Latimer.—*Florence*.

Pulci (Luigi Pulci)—*Morgante Maggior*, written for the Medicean circle—the first Canto has been translated by Byron.—*Florence*.

Boiardo (Matteo Maria Boiardo)—*Orlando Innamorato*, a chivalric romance.—*Ferrara*.

Savonarola (Fra Girolamo Savonarola) hanged and burnt at Florence 1498.

LATER RENAISSANCE.

The first half of the sixteenth century, and chiefly the first quarter, passing into the Reformation.

Literature.

Ariosto (Lodovico Ariosto)—*Orlando Furioso*.—*Ferrara*.
Bernardo Tasso (father of *Torquato Tasso*).—*Ferrara*.

Art.

Two names of the highest importance, making clear the attractiveness of Rome.

Michael Angelo (*Michael Angelo Buonarrotti*)—*Florence*.—*Rome*.
Raphael (*Raffaello Sanzio*).—*Florence*.—*Rome*.

History and Politics.

Leo X (*Giovanni de' Medici*, second son of *Lorenzo the Magnificent*) 1513-1521.

Emperor Charles V (1520—abdicated, 1556).

Machiavelli (*Nicolo Machiavelli*).—*Florence*.

Luther (*Diet of Worms*, 1521).

Erasmus (d. *Basel*, 1536).

POST-RENAISSANCE.

Torquato Tasso—*Gerusalemme Liberata*.—*Ferrara*.

Guarini (*Giovanni Battista Guarini*) *Il Pastor Fido*.—*Ferrara*.

In the *Aminta* of *Torquato Tasso* and the *Pastor Fido* of *Guarini* Italian pastoral presents its complete development.

LIII.

The father of *Salomon's House* gives an outline of its various departments, and indicates the duties assigned to the workers connected with it.

"We have also perspective-houses, where we make demonstrations of all lights and radiations ; and of all colours ; and out of things uncoloured and transparent, we can represent unto you all several colours ; not in rain-bows, as it is in gems and prisms, but of themselves single. We represent also all multiplications of light, which we carry to great distance, and make so sharp as to discern small points and lines ; also all colourations of light ; all delusions and deceits of the sight, in figures, magnitudes, motions colours ; all demonstrations of shadows. We find also divers means, yet unknown to you, of producing of light originally from divers bodies. We procure means of seeing objects afar off ; as in the heaven and remote places ; and represent things near as afar off, and things afar off as near ; making feigned distances. We have also helps for the sight, far above spectacles and glasses in use. We have also glasses and means to see small and minute bodies perfectly and distinctly... We make artificial rain-bows, halos, and circles about light. We represent also all manner of reflexions, refractions, and multiplications of visual beams of objects.

"We have also sound-houses, where we practise and demonstrate all sounds, and their generation. We have harmonies which you have

not, of quarter-sounds, and lesser slides of sounds. Divers instruments of music likewise to you unknown, some sweeter than any you have ; together with bells and rings that are dainty and sweet. We represent small sounds as great and deep ; likewise great sounds extenuate and sharp ; we make divers tremblings and warblings of sounds, which in their original are entire. We represent and imitate all articulate sounds and letters, and the voices and notes of beasts and birds. We have certain helps which set to the ear do further the hearing greatly. We have also divers strange and artificial echoes, reflecting the voice many times, and as it were tossing it : and some that give back the voice louder than it came ; some shriller, and some deeper ; yea, some rendering the voice, differing in the letters or articulate sound from that they receive. We have also means to convey sounds in trunks and pipes, in strange lines and distances.

" We have also engine-houses, where are prepared engines and instruments for all sorts of motions. There we imitate and practise to make swifter motions than any you have, either out of your muskets or any engine that you have ; and to make them and multiply them more easily, and with small force, by wheels and other means : and to make them stronger, and more violent than yours are : exceeding your greatest cannons and basilisks. We represent also ordnance and instruments of war, and engines of all kinds : and likewise new mixtures and compositions of gun-powder, wildfires burning in water, and unquenchable. Also fire-works of all variety, both for pleasure and use. We imitate also flights of birds ; we have some degrees of flying in the air ; we have ships and boats for going under water, and brooking of seas ; also swimming-girdles and supporters. We have divers curious clocks, and other like motions of return, and some perpetual motions. We imitate also motions of living creatures, by images of men, beasts, birds, fishes and serpents. We have also a great number of other various motions, strange for equality, fineness and subtilty.....

" For the several employments and offices of our fellows ; we have twelve that sail into foreign countries under the names of other nations, (for our own we conceal ;) who bring us the books, and abstracts, and patterns of experiments of all other parts. These we call Merchants of Light.

" We have three that collect the experiments which are in all books. These we call Depredators.

" We have three that collect the experiments of all mechanical arts ; and also of liberal sciences ; and also of practices which are not brought into arts. These we call Mystery-men.

" We have three that try new experiments, such as themselves think good. These we call Pioners or Miners.

" We have three that draw the experiments of the former four into titles and tables, to give the better light for the drawing of observations and axioms out of them. These we call Compilers.

" We have three that bend themselves, looking into the experiments of their fellows, and cast about how to draw out of them things of use and practice for man's life, and knowledge as well for works as for plain demonstration of causes, means of natural divinations, and the easy and

clear discovery of the virtues and parts of bodies. These we call Dowry-men or Benefactors.

"Then after divers meetings and consults of our whole number, to consider of the former labours and collections, we have three that take care, out of them, to direct new experiments, of a higher light, more penetrating into nature than the former. These we call Lamps.

"We have three others that do execute the experiments so directed, and report them. These we call Inoculators.

"Lastly, we have three that raise the former discoveries by experiments into greater observations, axioms, and aphorisms. These we call Interpreters of Nature.....

"For our ordinances and rites we have two very long and fair galleries : in one of these we place patterns and samples of all manner of the more rare and excellent inventions ; in the other we place the statua's of all principal inventors. There we have the statua of your Columbus, that discovered the West Indies : also the inventor of ships : your monk that was the inventor of ordnance and of gunpowder : the inventor of music : the inventor of letters : the inventor of printing : the inventor of observations of astronomy : the inventor of works in metal : the inventor of glass : the inventor of silk of the worm : the inventor of wine : the inventor of corn and bread : the inventor of sugars : and all these by more certain tradition than you have."

BACON.—*New Atlantis*.
(Spedding, Vol. III, p. 161.)

LIV

But amidst the efforts of Leo for the improvement of letters and of science, his attention was perhaps yet more particularly turned towards the promotion of the study of the Greek tongue ; without which, he was convinced, in the language of one of his contemporaries, that the Romans themselves would not have had any learning to boast of. In order to give new vigour to this study, which had long languished for want of encouragement, he determined to avail himself of the services of Giovanni Lascaris, a noble and learned Greek, who had in his youth been driven from his country by the progress of the Turkish arms, and had been indebted to the bounty of the Cardinal Bessarion for his education and consequent eminence. Having made a considerable proficiency at the university of Padua, Lascaris had been commissioned by Lorenzo de' Medici to travel to Greece, with the view of collecting ancient manuscripts ; for which purpose he took two journeys, in the latter of which he appears to have been very successful.....

On the elevation of Leo to the pontificate, Lascaris wrote to congratulate him, and immediately afterwards quitted Venice to pay him a visit at Rome. On his way, he received a letter from the pope, assuring him of his friendship, and of his constant attention to the promotion of those studies by which Lascaris was himself so eminently distinguished. After deliberating with him on the means to be adopted for facilitating and extending the study of the Greek tongue,

Leo formed the design of inviting a number of young and noble Greeks to quit their country and take up their residence under his protection at Rome; where, by the direction of Lascaris, they were not only to prosecute the study of their native tongue, but to be instructed also in Latin literature. On the recommendation of Lascaris, the pontiff also addressed himself on this occasion to Marcus Musurus, one of the disciples of Lascaris, who, after having taught in the university of Padua, had chosen his residence at Venice. The letter written by Leo on this occasion, whilst it sufficiently explains the object which he had in view, will show with what ardour he engaged in its prosecution:

Leo X. to Marcus Musurus.

"Having a most earnest desire to promote the study of the Greek language and of Grecian literature, which are now almost extinct, and to encourage the liberal arts, as far as lies in my power, and being well convinced of your great learning and singular judgment, I request that you will take the trouble of inviting from Greece ten young men, or as many more as you may think proper, of good education and virtuous disposition, who may compose a seminary of liberal studies, and from whom the Italians may derive the proper use and knowledge of the Greek tongue. On this subject you will be more fully instructed by Giovanni Lascaris, whose virtues and learning have deservedly rendered him dear to me. I have a confidence, also, that from the respect and kindness which you have already shown me, you will apply with the utmost diligence to effect what may seem to you to be necessary for accomplishing the purposes which I have in view.—*Dated, viii. Id. Aug. 1513.*

For the accommodation of these illustrious strangers Leo purchased from the cardinal of Sion his residence on the Esquilian hill, which he converted into an academy for the study of Grecian literature, and of which he intrusted the chief direction to Lascaris, to whom he assigned a liberal pension.

Leo X and the Aldine Press. Leo was neither unacquainted with the merits of Aldo, nor insensible to his commendations; the former of which he acknowledged, and the latter of which he repaid, by a papal bull, bearing date the twenty-eighth day of November, 1513. He there notices the strenuous exertions and great expenses of Aldo, during many years, in the cause of literature; particularly in the printing Greek and Latin books with metal types, which he observes are so elegantly executed as to appear to be written with a pen. He then grants to him an exclusive privilege for fifteen years, of reprinting and publishing all Greek and Latin books which he had already printed or might afterwards print, in types discovered by himself, as well as for the use of the *cursive* or *Italic* type, of which he was the inventor. These concessions he secures to him by denouncing not only heavy pecuniary penalties, but also the sentence of excommunication against all such as should encroach upon his privileges, recommending to him, however, to sell his books at a reasonable price, of which he declares

that he has fullest confidence, from the integrity and obedience of the printer.

The restoration of the Roman Academy and the institution of the Greek Seminary in Rome, speedily led the way to the establishment of a press for printing Greek books in that city; the superintendence of which was also intrusted to Lascaris, who himself corrected the works which issued from it. Roscoe. *Life of Leo X.* (Bogue). Vol. 1. pp. 332, 342.

IV

So then we are in London in December, 1497. Erasmus had then been some weeks in England. Mountjoy had introduced him to Thomas More, then a lad of twenty, to Colet, afterwards the famous Dean of St. Paul's, who was born in the same year with Erasmus himself; to Grocyu, who was teaching the rudiments of Greek at Oxford, no grammar or dictionaries yet within reach, and much opposition and obloquy from the fashion of conservatism. He had introduced his friend also to various other persons, to Mountjoy's own family among them. Obviously, the young stranger had been kindly received, while Erasmus himself was charmed with everybody and everything. He found the country beautiful, the climate (though it was mid-winter) delightful, and the society the most delightful of all.

"The air (he writes) is soft and delicious. The men are sensible and intelligent. Many of them are even learned, and not superficially either. They know their classics and so accurately that I have lost little in not going to Italy. When Colet speaks I might be listening to Plato. Linacre is a deep and acute a thinker as I have ever met with. Grocyu is a mine of knowledge, and Nature never formed a sweeter and happier disposition than that of Thomas More. The number of young men who are studying ancient literature here is astonishing."

FROUDE.—*Life and Letters of Erasmus.* Lect. III.

Erasmus visited England four times. The first visit, made on the invitation of Lord Mountjoy's eldest son, who was a pupil of Erasmus at the University of Paris, may be thought of as the Oxford visit, and it was one of which Erasmus spoke in warm terms. His experience at Cambridge, where he became a lecturer on Greek, seems to have been disappointing to him throughout. Henry VIII tried to keep him in England, but in vain. He longed to be in Rome: "When I think of Rome and all its charms and advantages, as, I do repent. Rome is the centre of the world. In Rome is liberty. In Rome are the splendid libraries. In Rome one meets and converses with men of learning. In Rome are the magnificent monuments of the past."

The following extract gives an idea of one important feature of later Humanism:—

The Bishop orders his Tomb at Saint Proximus Church.

And so, about this tomb of mine, I fought
With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know:
—Old Gandolf comforted me, despite my care;
Shrewd was that old man from out the corner South.
He grace his carrion with, God curse the same!
Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence
One sees the pulpit & the epistle-side,
And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
And up into the airy dome where
The angels and the sunbeams sure to lurk:
And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
And 'neath my alabaster take my rest,
With those nine columns round and two and two,
The odd one at my feet where I am staid:
Paved with mosaic marble, and the river
As fresh poured red wine of the country pure
—Gandolf will set his story on a stone
Put me where I may look him! True perch,
Rust and flawless, how I earned the prize!
Dreadful was the conflagration of my church
—What then so much was saved if aught were missed?
My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig
The white-grained vineyard where the oil-press stood,
Drop water gently till the surface sink,
And if ye find—Ah God, I know not, I!—
Dodged and rot of rotten figleaves soft,
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
Some lump of God of lapis lazuli,
Big as a w's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast—
Sons, all I have bequeathed you, villas, all,
That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,
Like God the Father's globe on both his hands
Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst!
'Twas as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years:
Made with to the grave, and where is he?
Dig my basalt for my slab, sons? Black—
'Twas ever antique-black I meant! How else
Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?
The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,

The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
 Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
 Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
 And Moses with the tables—but I know
 Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,
 Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
 To revel down my villas while I gasp
 Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy travertine
 Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!
 Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then!
 'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve
 My bath must needs be left behind, alas!
 One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
 There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—
 And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray
 Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
 And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?
 —That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
 Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
 No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
 Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need.

Robert Browning.

LVII.

In the latter end of the same king's reign (*Henry VIII.*) sprung
 up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the
 elder and Henry, Earl of Surrey were the two chieftains, who having
 travelled in Italy and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and
 style of the Italian Poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schools of
 Dante Ariosto and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and
 homely manner of vulgar poesie from that it had been before, and for
 that cause may justly be said the first reformers of our English metre
 and style.

Henry, Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt between whom I find
 very little difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanterns
 of light to all others that have since employed their pens upon English
 Poesie; their conceits were lofty, their styles stately, their conveyance
 cleanly, their terms proper, their metre sweet and well-proportioned, in
 all imitating very naturally and studiously their Master *Francis*
Petrarcha.

The Arte of English Poesie. (Ascribed to George Puttenham.)
 1589. The extract has been slightly altered in form and spelling, but
 its language has been faithfully preserved.

LVIII.

An extract from Ascham's *Scholemaster*, showing the opinion
 regarding Italy, which is developed in what might be termed the
 Puritanical literature of Elizabeth's reign. (Spelling modernized.)
 If you think we judge amiss, and write too sore against you, hear

what the Italian saith of the English Man, what the master reporteth of the scholar: who uttereth plainly what is taught by him, and what learned by you, saying, *Englese Italianato e un diavolo incarnato*, that is to say, you remain men in shape and fashion, but become devils in life and condition. . . . If some yet do not well understand what is an English man Italianated, I will plainly tell him. He, that by living and travelling in Italy, bringeth home into England out of Italy the religion, the learning, the policy, the experience, the manners of Italy. . . . These be the enchantments of Circe, brought out of Italy, to mar men's manners in England; much, by example of ill life, but more by precepts of fond (*foolish*) books, of late translated out of Italian into English, sold in every shop in London, commended by honest titles the sooner to corrupt honest manners; dedicated over boldly to virtuous and honourable personages, the easier to beguile simple and innocent wits (*minds*). . . . Ten sermons at Paul's Cross do not so much good for moving men to true doctrine, as one of those books do harm, with inciting men to ill living.

LIX. ✓

Yet was not Knowledge fullie confirmed in hir Monarchie amongst vs, till that most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, Saint *Iohns* in *Cambridge*, that at that time was as an Vniuerstie within it selfe; shining so farre aboue all other Houses Halls and Hospitalls whatsoever, that no Colledge in the Towne, was able to compare with the ty the of her Students; hauing (as I haue hearde graue men of credit report) more candles light in it, euerie Winter Morning before fowre of the clocke, than the fowre of clocke bell gaue strokes; till Shee (I saie) as a pittying Mother, put too her helping hande, and sent from her fruitfull wombe, sufficient Schollers, both to support her owne weale, as also to supplie all other inferiour foundations defects, and namelic that royall erection of *Trinitie Colledge*, which the Vniuersitie Orator, in an Epistle to the Duke of *Somerset*, aptlie tearmed *Colonia diducta* from the Suburbes of Saint *Iohns*. (From an address *To the Gentleman Students*, prefixed to R. Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589. St. John's Colledge, Cambridge, was founded in 1511.)

Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward Greek.

(From Milton's sonnet entitled *On the detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises*).

LX.

A Sonnet on the Sonnet.

Scorn not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned
Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
With it Camdens soothed an exile's grief ;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow ; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

Wordsworth.

The Sonnet's voice.

(A metrical lesson by the sea-shore).

Yon silvery billows breaking on the beach,
Fall back in foam beneath the star-shine clear,
The while my rhymes are murmuring in your ear
A restless law like that the billows teach ;
For on those sonnet-waves my soul would reach
For its own depths, and rest within you, dear,
As, through the billowy voices yearning here
Great nature strives to find a human speech.
A sonnet is a wave of melody
From heaving waters of the impassioned soul,
A billow of tidal music one and whole
Flows in the "octave" ; then, returning free,
Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

Theodore Watts.

abba abba cdd edc [Italian form].

LXI.

The Poetical Miscellanies of Elizabeth's reign.

Tottel's Miscellany. 1557. (The title of the collection is *Songes and Sonettes, written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Hawards late Earle of Surrey, and other.*) The word *other* is plural ; the addition of a final *e* would present its oldest form in English. The plural *other* is common in Elizabethan literature ; the form *others* is due to "levelling."

A Myrrour for Magistrates. 1559.

The Paradise of Dainty Devises. 1576.

A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions. 1578.
 A Handefull of Pleasant Delites. 1584.
 The Phoenix Nest. 1593.
 Englands Helicon. 1600.
 A Poetical Rapsody. 1602.
 (The dates are those of first editions.)

LXII.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE SONNET.

I. Petrarchan form.

- (1) abba abba cde cde (3 rimes in Sestette). 123 Sonnets.
 (2) abba abba cde ded (2 rimes in Sestette). 112 out of 124.
 (3) abba abba cde dcc (3 rimes in Sestette). 28 Sonnets.

English Literature.

Wyat—prevailing form :—abba abba cdde ee. Wyat translated 13 of Petrarch's sonnets.

Surrey—prevailing form :—abab cdcd efef gg. Surrey translated two of Petrarch's sonnets.

Sidney—prevailing form :—abba abba cdcd ee. ———

Spenser—prevailing form :—abab bebe cdcd ee.

Shakspeare—prevailing form :—abab cdcd efef gg.

Drummond of Hawthornden—prevailing form :—abba abba cdcd ee.

Milton (English Sonnets)—abba abba (invariable); cdcdcd—prevailing form of Sestette.

Wordsworth—prevailing form :—abba abba } about equal : Sestette,
 abba acca } very numerous forms.

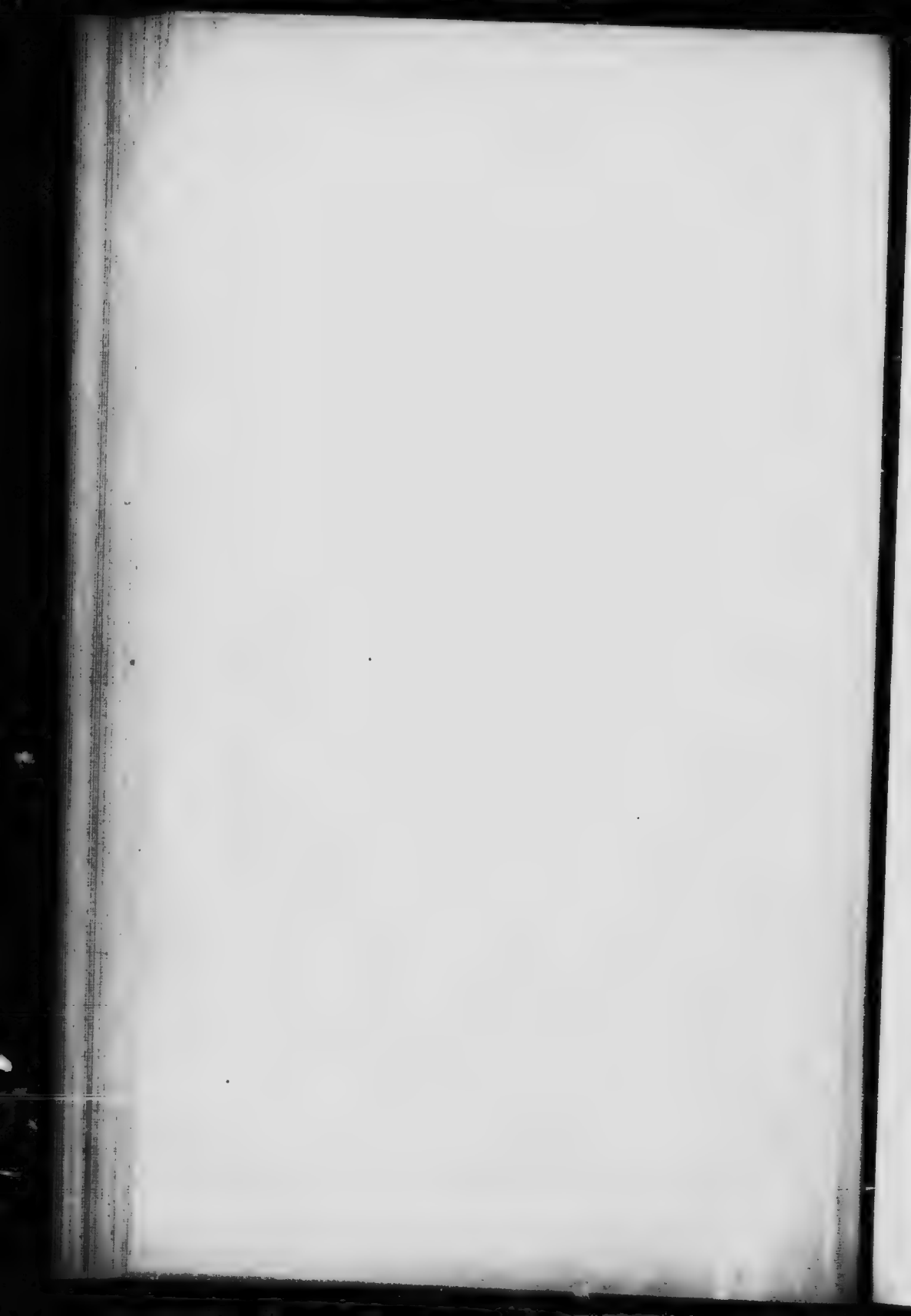
LXIII.

MADRIGAL.

The word madrigal is derived from the Italian *madrigale*, a kind of short song or ditty; *madrigale*, in its turn, stands for *mandrigale*, a shepherd's song, and this is derived from the Latin *mandra*, a stall or stable.

Madrigals vary in length, and may consist of five lines only. An examination of the lines shows that they have, as a rule, three and five accents and that their order varies. The following is a twelve-lined madrigal from William Drummond of Hawthornden :—

When as she smiles, I find
 More light before mine eyes,
 Than when the sun from Inde
 Brings to our world a flowery paradise :
 But when she gently weeps
 And pours forth pearly showers,
 On cheeks fair blushing flowers,
 A sweet melancholy my senses keeps,
 Both feed so my disease,
 So much both do me please,
 That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burn,
 Love to behold her smile, or pity mourn.



McGill University, Montreal.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (FIRST YEAR COURSE).

PROFESSOR CHAS. E. MOYSE, B.A.

SUBJECTS.

Pastoral poetry—the Sicilian pastoral—its elements—the pastoral of Humanism—Arcadian pastoral—*The Shepherds Calender*—the singing-match—the dirge—Algrind and Morrell—the praise of Elizabeth—*Prosopopoia* or *Mother Hubbards Tale*—the fable—life at court—*Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*—its biographical value—nautical pastoral—*The Fuerie Queene*—Spenser's account given at Bryskett's cottage—letter to Raleigh—Ariosto and Tasso—the double allegory—the general course of the First Book—the Spenserian stanza.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

LXIV.

Pre-Spenserians.

George Gascoigne.
Sir Thomas Wyat.
Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

Some of the Poets of the Spenserian school.

English Spenserians (direct).

Sir Walter Raleigh.
Sir Philip Sidney.
Sir Edward Dyer ("My mind to me a kingdom is").
Falke Greville, Lord Brooke.

English Spenserians (indirect and numerous)

William Browne. *Britannia's Pastorals*.
Phineas Fletcher. *Purple Island*.
Giles Fletcher. *Christ's Victorie and Triumph*.
Scotch Spenserians (indirect).
William Drummond of Hawthornden.

The Miscellany published by Richard Tottel in 1557 is generally spoken of as the first miscellany of English verse, and the statement is, in the main, true. Still, it is worth noting that the folio edition of Chaucer, printed by Thomas Godfray, and edited by William Thynne, which appeared in 1532, contains pieces by other poets as well. Tottel's Miscellany is prominent in the history of our literature, because it introduces us to the sonnet and also to the first *original* pieces of English blank verse, composed by Nicholas Grimald. (*The death of Zoroas, an Egyptian Astronomer, in first fight, that Alexander had with the Persians: Marcus Tullius Ciceroes death.*) Blank verse had been previously written, but not previously printed, as it was not until just after the publication of his Miscellany that Tottel brought out the first edition of Surrey's translation of the Second and Fourth books of the *Æneid*. So far as translation of Vergil is concerned, Surrey had a predecessor. The Scotch Chaucerian Gavin Douglas finished his couplet-translation of the whole of the *Æneid* in 1513; it was not printed, however, until 1553, four years before Surrey's two books were published.

A glance at the poems of Grimald, Surrey and Wyatt makes it seem almost incredible that less than fifty years will bring us to the richness and splendid ease of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and of Shakspeare. It should be added that Wyat and Surrey were dead when Tottel's Miscellany appeared. (Surrey was executed in 1547.)

Description of Spring, wherein eche thing renews, save onelie the louer. [Spelling modernized, except where rime forbids]

The soote (*sweet*) season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale :
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings :
 The turtle to her make (*mate*) hath told her tale :
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale :
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings :
 The fishes float with new repaired scale :
 The adder all her slough away she slings :
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale :
 The busy bee her honey new she mings :
 Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale :
 And thus I see among these pleasant things
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

Surrey from Tottel).

Complaint that his ladie after she knew of his loue kept her face alway hidden from him.

I never saw my lady lay apart
 Her cornet black, in cold nor yet in heat,
 Sith first she knew my grief was grown so great ;
 Which other fauncies driveth from my heart,

That to myself I do the thought reserve,
 The which unwares did wound my woeful breast.
 But on her face mine eyes might never rest
 Yet, since she knew I did her love, and serve
 Her golden tresses clad alway with black,
 Her smiling looks that hid(es) thus evermore
 And that restrains which I desire so sore.
 So doth this cornet govern me, alack!
 In summer sun, in winter's breath, a frost
 Whereby the light of her fair looks I lost.

Surrey (from *Tottel*).

"*I never saw my lady lay apart*" is a translation of Petrarch's *canzone* (*Sonetti e Canzoni in Vita di Madonna Laura*).

As printed in *Tottel*, this oft-quoted sonnet is a riddle which those who love simplicity and clearness will not think it worth while to try to solve. Prof. Saintsbury betters it by changing *hid* to *hides*, and thinks that the poem becomes intelligible if the reader takes "That" in line 5 as="so that," "that" in line 10 as="which" (i.e. "black"), and "that" in line 11 with "which."

A renouncing of love.

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws for ever;
 Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more.
 Senec and Plato call me from thy lore
 To perfect wealth my wit for to endeavour.
 In blinde errour when I did perséver,
 Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
 Taught me in trifles that I set no store,
 But scape forth thence since liberty is lover.
 Therefore, farewell! go trouble younger hearts,
 And in me claim no more authority.
 With idle youth go use thy property,
 And thereon spend thy many brittle darts;
 For, hitherto though I have lost my time,
 Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

Wyat (from *Tottel*).

LXVI.

An examination of the foreign influences to which English pastoral has been subject leads us back to Theocritus (fl. 270-250 A.C.) whose *Idylls* are written in dialectic Greek, commonly spoken of as Doric. The pastoral *Idylls* of Theocritus, composed, perhaps, at Alexandria, which became a famous centre of Greek literature after the decline of Athens, are vivid pictures of rustic life in Sicily where Theocritus spent many years. Accordingly, the expression "Sicilian Muse," as in Milton's *Lycidas*, line 133, denotes pastoral poetry. The fragments of Bion and Moschus, the former of whom lived in Sicily, owing to their being preserved in the *Mss.* of Theocritus, are generally printed after his *Idylls*.

Three important varieties of Sicilian pastoral are found in *The Shepherds Calender*, namely, the singing-match (Theoc. v.), the dirge (Theoc. i.), and the love-song. The expansion of pastoral in the literature of Humanism brought satire within its range, and this newer and much later element appears in Spenser's poem likewise. It is here, particularly, that the seriousness of the poet is visible. *The Shepherds Calender*, then, is typical and, from its date, of moment in the history of our literature, bringing as it does to a focus various influences which affected European literature generally.

Artistic feeling pervades Greek literature. The exquisite description of the bowl in Theoc. Id. I. may be compared with the brief, rugged and less suggestive mode of Spenser. After reading the following extract, the student may profitably turn to Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, which breathes Greek moderation, purity and symmetry throughout. This is all the more strange, as Keats knew little or nothing of Greek directly.

"A deep bowl of ivy-wood, too, I will give thee, rubbed with sweet beeswax, a twy eared bowl newly wrought, smacking still of the knife of the graver. Round its upper edges goes the ivy winding, ivy besprent with golden flowers; and about it is a tendril twisted that joys in its saffron fruit. Within is designed a maiden, as fair a thing as the gods could fashion, arrayed in a sweeping robe, and a snood on her head. Beside her two youths with fair love-looks are contending from either side, with alternate speech, but her heart thereby is all untouched. And now on one she glances, smiling, and anon she lightly flings the other a thought, while by reason of the long vigils of love their eyes are heavy, but their labour is all in vain.

"Beyond these an ancient fisherman and a rock are fashioned, a rugged rock, whereon with might and main the old man drags a great net for his cast, as one that labours stoutly. Thou wouldst say that he is fishing with all the might of his limbs, so big the sinews swell all about his neck, gray-haired though he is, but his strength is as the strength of youth. Now divided but a little space from the sea-worn old man is a vineyard laden well with fire-red clusters, and on the rough wall a little lad watches the vineyard, sitting there. Round him two she-foxes are skulking, and one goes along the vine-rows to devour the ripe grapes, and the other brings all her cunning to bear against the scrip, and vows she will never leave the lad, till she strand him bare and breakfastless. But the boy is plaiting a pretty locust-cage with stalks of asphodel, and fitting it with reeds, and less care of his scrip has he, and of the vines, than delight in his plaiting.

"All about the cup is spread the soft acanthus, a miracle of varied work, a thing to thee to marvel on.

Theocritus.—*Trans.* Andrew Lang.

(Id. I., ll. 27-56.)

AUGUST.

Egloga Octava, Argument.

In this Eglogue is set forth a delectable controversie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus : whereto also Virgile fashioned his third and seventh Eglogue. They choose for umpire of their strife, Cuddie, a neatheards boye ; who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, wherof Colin, he sayth, was Authour.

Willie.

Then loe, Perigot, the Pledge which I plight,
A mazer (*bowl*) ywrought of the Maple warre, (*ware*)
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre ;
And over them spread a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yvie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolves jaws :
But, see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne
To save the innocent from the beastes pawes,
And here with his shepe-hooke hath hit a shayne.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever sene ?
Well mought it beseme any harvest Queene.

(lines 25-36.)

(As will be seen from the *Argument*, the August Eglogue belongs to the singing-match variety.)

The Dirge.

(*Two extracts from the lament of Moschus for Bion.*)

Wail, let me hear you wail, ye woodland glades, and thou Dorian water ; and weep ye rivers, for Bion, the well-beloved ! Now all ye green things mourn, and now ye groves lament him, ye flowers now in sad clusters breathe yourselves away. Now redden ye roses in your sorrow, and now wax red ye wind-flowers, now thou hyacinth, whisper the letters on thee engraved, and add a deeper *ai ai* to thy petals ; he is dead, the beautiful singer.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ye nightingales that lament among the thick leaves of the trees, tell ye to the Sicilian waters of Arethusa the tidings that Bion the herdsman is dead, and that with Bion song too has died, and perished hath the Dorian minstrelsy.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

.....
Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year, but we men, we, the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into

silence ; a right long, and endless, and unawakening sleep. And thou too, in the earth wilt be lapped in silence, but the nymphs have thought good that the frog should eternally sing. Nay him I would not envy, for 'tis no sweet song he singeth.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Poison came, Bion, to thy mouth, thou didst know poison. To such lips as thine did it come, and was not sweetened ? What mortal was so cruel that could mix poison for thee, or who could give thee the venom that heard thy voice ? surely he had no music in his soul.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge...

SPENSER.—*Shepheards Calender, November Æglogue.* (*This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loys, the Frenche Queene.*) [Loys was "Madame Loyse de Savoye," mother of Francis I.]

Colin's Lament for "Dido."

Up, then, Melpomene ! the mournefulst Muse of nyne,
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore ;
Up, grieslie ghostes ! and up my rufull ryme !
Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more ;
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.

Dido, my deare, alas ! is dead,
Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead.

O hevie herse !

Let streaming teares be poured out in store ;
O carefull (*sorrowful*) verse !

.....
Why doe we longer live, (ah ! why live we so long ?)
Whose better dayes death hath shut up in woe ?
The fayrest floure our gyrlynd all emong
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.

Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes.
O hevie herse !

Nowe is time to dye ; Nay, time was long ygoe :
O carefull verse !

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale ;
Yet, soone as spring his mantle hath di-playde (*unfolded*)
It floureth fresh, as it should never fayle ?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,

As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliven (*revive*) not for any good.

O hevie herse !

The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quail ; (*die*)
O carefull verse !

The religious controversies of Spenser's day form the groundwork of the May and July æglogues. It is here that the poet exhibits the satiric vein to which allusion has already been made. As the attitude of Archbishop Edmund Grindal was commented on in the lectures, the student had better read the July æglogue, which opens with a reference to Morrell's *straying herd*. The April æglogue contains a typical piece—the *lay in praise of Elizabeth*—at once smooth, melodious and giving promise of lofty invention. In the June æglogue will be found a pleasing expression of Spenser's indebtedness to Chaucer (*Tityrus*).

In *Mother Hubberds Tale*, notice the appearance of the military impostor—a stock character in Elizabethan literature—as one who

Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abuson,
And that, which is the noblest mysteric, (*profession*)
Brings to reproach and common infamie !

Spenser's description of life at court should be read, and the portion that touches on the condition of the baffled suitor particularly noted. (*"Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,"*)

Colin Clouts Come Home Again—a pastoral. This piece is note worthy because of its biographical value, and also because it reflects the maritime impulse of Spenser's age. Even *The Fuerie Queene* is a vessel making a long voyage. (See the last stanza of the last Canto of the First Book.)

Raleigh's Visit to Spenser (Colin Clout) at Kilcolman (1589).

"One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my trade)
Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mullacs shore ;
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right :
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himseife he did ycleepe [*call*]
The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe,
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit ; [*song*]
And, when he heard the musicke which I made,
He founde himselfe full greatly pleased at it :
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hound
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid thereon ; (for well that skill he cond ;)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip'd, I sung ; and, when he sung, I piped ;
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery ;
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped we, until we both were weary."

In the mature works of Spenser, true poetical feeling is a constant—their *atmosphere* is poetical. A few consecutive stanzas taken from any part of the *Fairie Queene* are enough to prove this and to show why the fancy of "the poet's poet" has been such a quickening power to minds of imaginative tendency from his day to our own. At the same time, it demands a very large store of perseverance to read the *Fairie Queene* from beginning to end. From the Minor poems some such selection as *Muiopora*, *Epithalamion*, *Prothalamion* and the *Hymns*, will manifest the fineness of Spenser's distinctive quality.

LXVIII.

Walter Raleigh of the Middle Temple, in commendation of the Steele Glas. [Spelling modernized and language also, but only slightly.]

Sweet were the sauce would please each kind of taste ;
The life likewise were pure that never swerved ;
For spiteful tongues, in cankered stomachs placed,
Deem worst of things which best, perchance, deserved :
But what for that ? this med'cine may suffice,
To scorne the rest, and seek to please the wise.

Though sundry minds in sundry sort do deem,
Yet worthiest wights yield praise for every pain,
But envious brains do naught (or light) esteeme
Such stately steps as they cannot attain.
For whoso reaps renown above the rest,
With henns of hate shall surely be oppressed.

Wherefore to write my censure (*opinion*) of this book :
This Glass of Steel unpartially doth show
Abuses all, to such as in it look,
From prince to poor, from high estate to low :
As for the verse, who lists like trade to try,
I fear me much shall hardly reach so high.

The extract just given is Raleigh's earliest published verse unless the piece signed W. R. in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises* be his also. *The Steele Glas* leads to Spenser in various ways—in its prefatory machinery, in its social satire and in its general Puritan feeling. It is the first regular satire in our literature (1576). With one unimportant exception, no poem in blank verse of any length, and non-dramatic, appears between *The Steele Glas* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. So clearly does *The Steele Glas* reflect the various features of its age that it becomes a valuable type ; but then, it is metre without poetry, whereas in Spenser we have both. A remarkable set of first attempts clusters round Gascoigne's name. He wrote the first English prose comedy *Supposes* (from Ariosto's *I Suppositi*) which was acted in 1566 ; the first regular satire, *The Steele Glas* ; the first translation of a Greek tragedy, *Jocasta* (from the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, but indirectly, through a previous Italian version). It is perhaps hazardous to ascribe to him, as some do, the first prose tale and the first critical essay.

Raleigh's power can be seen in the sonnet prefixed to the first edition of the *Faerie Queene*. (Bks. I-III, 1590.)

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn ; and, passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living flame,
Whose tomb fair love and fairer virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept ;
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this queen attended ; in whose stead [*stead*]
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse [*pierce*]
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief
And curse th' access of that celestial thief.

Raleigh can let his vein of delicate fancy appear in conventional mode, as witness his reply to Christopher Marlowe's little pastoral entitled *The Passionate Shepherd to his love*. Marlowe begins with an appeal—"Come live with me and be my love" ; Raleigh answers as follows:—

The Nymph's Reply.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and thy fair love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield ;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need.
Then those delights my soul might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

LXIX.

Astrophel and Stella.

SONNET XXXI.

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies!
How silently! and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case.
I read it in thy looks. Thy languisht grace
To me that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then even of fellowship, O Moon! tell me
Is constant love deemed there, but want of wit?
Are beauties there, as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved; and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there, ungratefulness?

Sir Philip Sidney.

LXX.

My Mind to me a Kingdom is.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
Nor force to win the victory;
No wily wit to save a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why (*because*) my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay ;
I seek no more than doth suffice ;
I press to bear no haughty away ;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies :
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;
I little have and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store :
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss ;
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly waves my mind can toss ;
My state at one doth still remain :
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;
I loath not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will ;
Their treasure is their only trust ;
A cloaked craft their store of skill :
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease :
My conscience clear my chief defence ;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence :
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !

Sir Edward Dyer.

LXXI.✓

The indirect Spenserians exhibit the characteristic features of the school. Allegory becomes even more pronounced. *The Purple Island* of Phineas Fletcher describes the *Isle of Man*, or human body, in an allegorical manner, and the old theme of the resemblances between the Macrocosm (Nature) and the Microcosm (Man) is worked out once more. Man's arteries and veins, for instance, are analogous to the rivers and brooks of the outside world.

The influence of the Fletchers is visible in subsequent literature. In the poetry of Milton their traces are seen now and again, and of Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victorie and Triumph*, Milton appears to have been a heedful reader. The zeal of those who busy themselves with small things has been manifested in discovering numerous echoes of Giles Fletcher in *Paradise Lost*. Spenser is regarded by the Flet-

chers as their Master, and the student may compare the following description of the cave of Despair, given in the second part of *Christ's Victorie and Triumph*, with that of Spenser in the first book of *The Faerie Queene*, canto IX. (Observe the modification of the Spenserian stanza. (*ababcc**)).

23.

Ere long they came near to a baleful bower,
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
That gaping stood, all comers to devour.
"Dark, doleful, dreary, like a dreary grave,
That still (*always*) for carrion carcasses doth crave :"
The ground no herbs but venomous, did bear,
Nor ragged trees did leave, but everywhere
Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hang'd were.

24.

Upon the roof, the bird of sorrow sat
Elonging joyful day with her sad note,
And, through the shady air, the flutt'ring bat
Did wave her leather sails and blindly float ;
While with her wings the fatal screech owl smote
Th' unblest house ; there, on a craggy stone,
Celeno hung, and made his direful moan,
And all about the murdered ghosts did shriek, and groan.

25.

Like cloudy moonshine, in a some shadowy grove
Such was the light in which Despair did dwell ;
But he himself with night for darkness strove.
His black uncombed locks dishevelled fell
About his face : through which, as brands of Hell,
Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,
That made him deadly look : their glimpse did show
Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poison throw.

26

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pinned fast ;
And as he musing lay, to stony flight
A thousand wild Chimeras would him cast :
As when a fearful dream, in midst of night,
Skips to the brain, and phansies (*pictures*) to the sight
Some winged fury, straight the hasty foot,
Eager to fly, cannot pluck up his root,
The voice dies in the tongue and mouth gapes without boot.
(*uselessly.*)

(*Giles Fletcher (Christ's Victorie on Earth).*

Elonging means banishing, and not, as Grosart explains it, *lengthen-*
ing.

LXXII.

To a Bird Singing.

Sweet Bird, that sing'st away the early hours
 Of winters past or coming, void of care,
 Well pleasèd with delights which present are,
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers :
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
 What soul can be so sick which by thy songs—
 Attired in sweetness—sweetly is not driven
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven !
 Sweet artless songster ! thou my mind dost raise
 To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

The Praise of a Solitary Life.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own :
 Though solitary, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that eternal love.
 O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
 Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
 Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve !
 O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
 And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
 How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold !
 The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights ;
 Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

William Drummond of Hawthornden.

LXXIII.

IMITATIONS OF CLASSICAL METRES BY THE SPENSERIAN SCHOOL.

The first writer to attempt the Hexameter was Gabriel Harvey, who was a friend of Spenser, and stood high in estimation as a critic. The specimens of English verse in classical metre may, for the most part, be designated as mere doggerel.

Encomium Lauri.

What may I call this tree ? A Laurell ? O bonny Laurell :
 Needs to thy bow will I bow this knee, and vaye my bonnetto.
 Who, but thou, the renowne of Prince, and Princely Poeta :
 Th' one for Crowne, for Garland th' other thanketh Apollo.

Sidney wrote hexameters in his *Arcadia*. Of modern poets who have used the hexameter, it will be sufficient to name Longfellow. (*Evangeline*.)

The first writer to attempt the Elegiac Distich (hexameter followed by pentameter) was Sir Philip Sidney in his *Arcadia*.

Fortune, Nature, Love, long have contended about me,
Which should most miseries cast on a worm that I am
Fortune thus 'gan say : miserye and misfortune is all one,
And of misfortune Fortune hath onely the gift.

Coleridge's translation from Schiller is well known :—

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

Of modern attempts, it will be sufficient to mention Tennyson's few lines entitled, *On Translations of Homer*.

In *Arcadia*, Sidney attempts the metre call the Minor Asclepiad :
--- x x - | - x x - x.

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse !
O how much I do like your solitarinesse !
Where man's mind has a free consideration,
Of goodnesse to receive lovely direction.

Iambic Senarius. If all six feet are iambic, the following is the scansion : x - x - x - x - x - x - Spenser.

And if I waste, who will bewaile my heavy chance ?
And if I starve, who will recorde my cursed end ?
And if I dye, who will saye, "this was immerito" ?

In Sidney's *Arcadia* we have a specimen of *Phaleuciacs*, an eleven syllabled metre, used by Catullus. Scansion : - - | - x x - x - x - x

Reason, tell me thy mind, if here be reason,
In this strange violence, to make resistance,
Where sweet graces erect the stately banner
Of Vertue's regiment, shining in harnesse
Of Fortune's diadems, by Beauty mustred :
Say, then, Reason, I say, what is thy counsel ?

Of modern poets, Coleridge, Swinburne and Tennyson have used this metre. Thus :

O, you chorus of indolent reviewers,
Irresponsible, indolent reviewers.
Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem
All composed in a metre of Catullus.

Tennyson.

The first attempt to write Sapphics in English appears in Sidney's *Arcadia*. - x - - - x x - x - - (3 times) : fourth line - x x - -. This metre is more common than any except the hexameter. It has been used by Spenser, and among the moderns by Southey (parodied in the *Anti-Jacobin*) and Swinburne.

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McGill University, Montreal.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (FIRST YEAR COURSE).

PROFESSOR CHAS. E. MOYSE, B.A.

SUBJECTS.

The rise of the Drama—the Elizabethan Drama.

The main characteristics of the ancient Greek drama—differences between it and the modern—the Miracle and the Mystery plays—their subjects and method of performance—the Morality play—*Everyman* and *Lusty Jarentus*—the Interlude—*The Four P. P.*—the character of the pre-Shakesperian drama—the influence of Seneca—its marks—*Tamburlaine the Great* and *Endimion*—Elizabethan London and its playhouses—the general training and life of dramatists—the pre-Shakesperian dramatists—Marlowe, Kyd, Lyly—leading characteristics of Shakespere as seen in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*—Ben Jonson—his subjects and their treatment—masques, Italian and English—the development of the masque in England—its features—Milton's *Arcades* and *Comus*—the Miltonic character of *Comus*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

LXXIV.

In the drama of the highest order there is little food for censure or hatred; it teaches rather self-knowledge and self respect. Neither the eye nor the mind can see itself, unless reflected upon that which it resembles. The drama, so long as it continues to express poetry, is a prismatic and many-sided mirror, which collects the brightest rays of human nature and divides and reproduces them from the simplicity of their elementary forms, and touches them with majesty and beauty, and multiplies all that it reflects, and endows it with the power of propagating its like wherever it may fall.

Calderon, in his religious Autos, has attempted to fulfil some of the high conditions of dramatic representation neglected by Shakespere; such as the establishing a relation between the drama and religion, and the accommodating them to music and dancing; but he omits the ob-

servation of conditions still more important, and more is lost than gained by the substitution of the rigidly-defined and ever-repeated idealisms of a distorted superstition for the living impersonations of the truth of human passion. — Shelley. *A defence of Poetry*.

LXXV.

An extract from *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, showing a detailed Dumb-Show.

The Argument (meaning) and Manner of the First Dumb-Show.

Sounding the music, there rose three furies from under the stage, apparelled accordingly with snakes and flames about their black hair and garments. The first with a snake in the right hand, and a cup of wine, with a snake athwart the cup, in the left hand. The second with a firebrand in the right hand, and a Cupid in the left. The third with a whip in the right hand and a Pegasus in the left. While they went masking about the stage, there came from another place three nuns, which walked by themselves. Then after a full sight given to the beholders, they all parted, the furies to Mordred's house, the nuns to the cloister. By the first fury with the snake and cup was signified the banquet of Uther Pendragon, and afterward his death, which ensued by the poisoned cup. The second fury, with her firebrand and Cupid, represented Uther's unlawful heat and love conceived at the banquet, which never ceased in his posterity. By the third, with her whip and Pegasus, was prefigured the cruelty and ambition which thence ensued and continued to th' effecting of this tragedy. By the nuns was signified the remorse and despair of Guenevra, that, wanting other hope, took a nunnery for her refuge. After their departure, the four which represented the Chorus took their places.

LXXVI.

Sir Philip Sidney's opinion of Gorboduc.

(Spelling modernized and language, but only slightly.)

Chaucer undoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus* and *Cressida*, of whom truly I know not whether to marvel more, either that he, in this misty time, could see so clearly, or that we in this clear age walk so stumbly after him. Yet had he great wants fit to be forgiven in so reverend antiquity. I account the *Mirror of Magistrates* meetly furnished of beautiful parts; and in the Earl of Surrey's lyrics, many things tasting of noble birth and worthy of a noble mind. *The Shepherds Calender* hath much poetry in its Eglogues, indeed worthy the reading if I be not deceived. That same framing of its style to an old rustic language I dare not allow, since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazar in Italian, did affect it. Besides these, do I not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed, that have poetical sinews in them; for proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in prose, and then ask the meaning; and it will be found that one verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first what should be at the last: which becomes a confused mass of words with a tinkling sound of rime, barely accompanied with reason.

Our tragedies and comedies, not without cause cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility nor of skilful poetry, excepting *Gorboduc* (again, I say, of those that I have seen), which, notwithstanding as it is full of stately speeches and well sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality which it doth most delightfully teach and so obtain the very end of poesie, yet, in truth, it is very defectious (*defective*) in the circumstances; which grieveth me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should represent but one place and the uttermost time pre-supposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and common reason, but one day, there is both many days and many places inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest? where you shall have Asia of the one side and Affrick of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he cometh in, must even begin with telling where he is; or else, the tale will not be conceived. Now ye shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that, comes out a hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave. While, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

An Apologie for Poetry.

LXXVII.

Some extracts from *The Spanish Tragedy*, a play by Thomas Kyd, with additions by Ben Jonson. This play is a sequel to *The First Part of Jeronimo*, and Jeronimo is a leading character in both. The two dramas are excellent specimens of the tone and motive which are presented in pre-Shakesperian tragedy. The ruling passion is revenge.

Revenge.

Then know, Andrea, that thou art arriv'd
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingal,
Depriv'd of life by Bell' Imperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery,
And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

The Spanish Tragedy, Act I.

The son of Hieronimo (Jeronimo) has been hanged in an arbour and stabbed to death. His father, alarmed by the shrieks of Bell' Imperia, who is hurried away by the murderers, leaves his bed hurriedly, goes to the arbour and cuts down the body, which he discovers to be that of his son. Hieronimo addresses his wife, Isabella.

Hier. Seest thou this handkerchief besmear'd with blood?
It shall not from me, till I take revenge:
Seest thou those wounds, that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not entomb them, till I have revenge:
Then will I joy amidst my discontent;
Till then my sorrow never shall be spent.

In the last Act of the play the following episode occurs:

Enter ISABELLA with a weapon.

Isa. Tell me no more: O monstrous homicides!
Since neither piety nor pity moves
The king to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murder'd my beloved son.

(She cuts down the arbour.)

Down with these branches and these loathsome boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine:
Down with them, Isabella: rent them up;
And hurl the roots from whence the rest is sprung;
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,
No, not an herb within this garden plot.
Accursed complot of my misery!

(She stabs herself.)

The concluding Scene:

Enter GHOST and REVENGE.

Ghost. Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires:
Horatio murder'd in his father's bower;
Vild Serberine by Pedringano slain:
False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device:
Fair Isabella by herself misdone;
Prince Balthazar by Bell-Imperia stabb'd;
The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo.
My Bell-Imperia fall'n, as Dido fell:
And good Hieronimo slain by himself.

Rev. This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none but furies, bugs (*goblins*) and tortures dwell.

LXXVIII.

Captain Bobadill, a Paul's Man, is visited by Master Mathew, a Town Gull. Bobadill is lodging at the house of Cob, a Water-bearer, and is anxious not to have his dwelling-place known. After this matter has been touched on, the dialogue proceeds as follows:—

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book have you there? What! Go Ly, Hieronymo?

Mat. Ay: did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penned?

Bob. Well penned! I would fain see all the poets of these times on such another play as that was: they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again.

(*While Master Mathew reads, Bobadill makes himself ready.*)

Mat. Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book. O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears! there's a conceit! mountains fraught with tears! O life, no life, but lively form of death! mother, O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs! a third. Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds! a fourth. O, the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Ben Jonson. *Every Man in his Humour* (Act I., Sc. IV.)

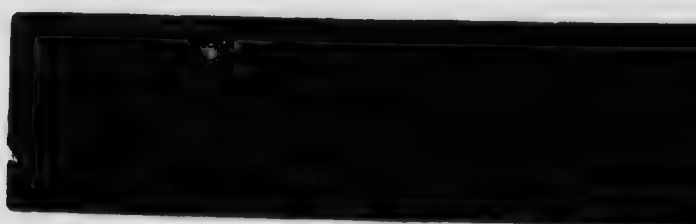
LXXIX.

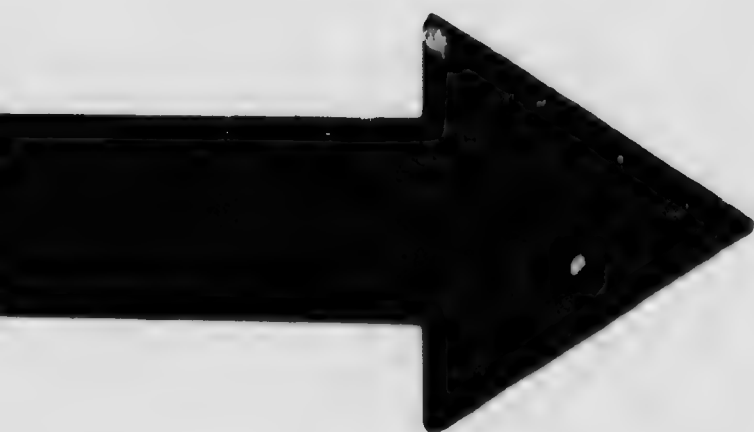
From jiggish veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine:
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortune as you please.

Christopher (Kit) Marlowe. (*The Prologue to the First Part of Tamburlaine the Great.*)

Enter TAMBURLAINE, drawn in his chariot by the Kings of TREBIZOND and SORIA, with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, and in his right hand a whip with which he scourgeth them: TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, AMYRAS, CELEBINUS; Kings of NATOLIA and JERUSALEM led by five or six common soldiers.

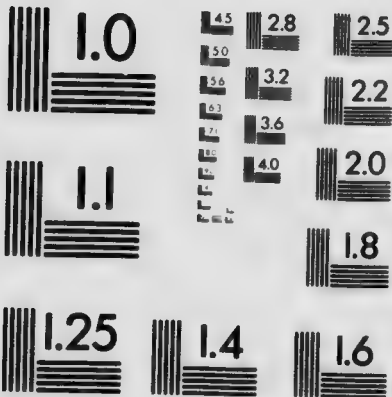
Tamb. Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,
But from Asphaltis, where I conquered you,
To Byron here, where thus I honour you!
The horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven,
And blow the morning from their nosterils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honoured in their governor,
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.
The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tamed,
That King Egeus fed with human flesh,
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdued with valour more divine





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Than you by this unconquered arm of mine.
 To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
 You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
 And drink in pails the strongest muscadel;
 If you can live with it, then live, and draw
 My chariot swifter than the racking clouds;
 If not, then die like beasts, and fit for naught
 But perches for the black and fatal ravens.
 Thus am I right the scourge of highest Jove;
 And see the figure of my dignity
 By which I hold my name and majesty!

The Second Part of Tamburlaine the Great (Act IV., Sc. IV.)

What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
 If all the pens that ever poets held
 Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts
 And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
 Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
 If all the heavenly quintessence they still
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,
 Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
 The highest reaches of a human wit;
 If these had made one poem's period,
 And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads
 One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least
 Which into words no virtue (power) can digest.

The First Part of Tamburlaine the Great (Act V., Sc. I.)

LXXX.

Sir Tophus. Epi.

Epiton. At hand, sir.

Top. How likest thou this martial life, where nothing but blood besprinkleth our bosoms? Let me see, be our enemies fat?

Epi. Passing fat: and I would not change this life to be a lord; and yourself passeth all comparison, for other captains kill and beat, and there is nothing you kill, but you also eat.

Top. I will tear the flesh with my teeth, so mortal is my hate, and so eager my unstanched stomach.

Epi. My master thinks himself the valiantest man in the world if he kill a wren: so warlike a thing he accompteth to take away life, though it be from a lark.

Top. Epi, I find my thoughts to swell, and my spirit to take wings, in so much that I cannot continue within the compass of so slender combats.

Favilla. This passeth?

Scintilla. Why, is he not mad?

Samias. No, but a little vain-glorious.

Top. Epi.

Epi. Sir.

Top. I will encounter that black and cruel enemy that beareth rough and untewed locks upon his body, whose sire throweth down the strongest walls, whose legs are as many as ours, on whose head are placed most horrible horns by nature, as a defence from all harms.

Epi. What mean you master to be so desperate?

Top. Honour inciteth me, and very hunger compelleth me.

Epi. What is that monster?

Top. The monster *Ovis*. I have said,—let thy wits work.

Epi. I cannot imagine it; yet let me see,—a black enemy with rough locks? it may be a sheep, and *Ovis* is a sheep; his sire so strong, a ram is a sheep's sire, that being also an engine of war; horns he hath, and four legs,—so hath a sheep; without doubt this monster is a black sheep. Is it not a sheep that you mean?

Top. Thou hast hit it, that monster will I kill and sup with.

John Lyly. *Endimion*. (Act II., Sc. I.)

LXXXI.

The following specimen of Euphuistic writing is comparatively simple. The term Euphuism is derived from a novel entitled *Euphues*, *The Anatomy of Wit*, which was written by John Lyly and published in 1579. The scene of *Euphues* is laid in Italy. Its tone is anti-Italian, and in this respect it displays the feeling of Roger Ascham's *Scholemaster*, from which an extract has already been given. The style of *Euphues* being at times singularly free from Euphuism, it is better to take a specimen of this mode of writing from Lyly's plays, both because they are extremely Euphuistic and because Euphuism figures conspicuously in the early drama. The qualities to be observed in Euphuism are (a) oddity of thought, as seen in far-fetched comparisons; (b) the constant use of natural objects as material for such comparisons; (c) a similar use of classical history and mythology. Sir W. Scott misunderstood the character of Euphuism when he made his Euphuist in the *Monastery*, Sir Piercie Shafton, speak what might be termed false Johnsonese.

The Prologue at the Court.

The Arabians being stuffed with perfumes, burn hemlock, a rank poison; and in Hybla, being cloyed with honey, they account it dainty to feed on wax. Your Highness' eyes, whom variety hath filled with fair shows, and whose ears pleasure hath possessed with rare sounds, will (we trust) at this time resemble the princely eagle, who, fearing to surfeit on spices, stoopeth to bite on worm-wood. We present no conceits nor wars, but deceits and loves, wherein the truth may excuse the plainness; the necessity, the length; the poetry, the bitterness. There is no needle's point so small which hath not his compass; nor hair so slender that hath not his shadow; nor sport so simple which hath not his shew. Whatsoever we present, whether it be tedious (which we fear), or toyish (which we doubt), sweet or sour, absolute or imperfect, or whatsoever; in all humbleness we all, and I on knee

for all, entreat that your Highness imagine yourself to be in a deep dream, that staying the conclusion, in your rising your Majesty vouchsafe to say, *and so you waked.*—Lyly. *Sapho and Phao.* (Spelling modernized.)

The following is a good specimen of the Euphuistic mode in Shakespeare :—

Euphuism (?)

King. (*reads*) So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows ;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face, through tears of mine, give light ;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep :
*No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.*
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show :
*But do not love thyself, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep ;*
O, queen of queens ! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

Love's Labours Lost. (Act IV., Sc. III.)

(The love-letter of Don Adriano de Armado—Act IV, Sc. I.—is an effort conceived in the style of Euphuism. The definition of the “gift that I have,” by Holofernes, in the next scene of the play, may be taken as a definition of the Euphuistic mode.)

“ Pretty and quaint, fairest lady,” answered the Euphuist. “ Ah, that I had with me *my Anatomy of Wit*—that all-to-be-unparalleled volume—that quintessence of human wit—that treasury of quaint invention—that exquisitely-pleasant-to-read and inevitably-necessary-to-be-remembered manual, of all that is worthy to be known—which indoctrines the rude in civility, the dull in intellectuality, the heavy in jocosity, the blunt in gentility, the vulgar in nobility, and all of them in the unutterable perfection of human utterance, that eloquence which no other eloquence is sufficient to praise, that art, which, when we call it by its own name of Euphuism, we bestow upon it its richest panegyric.”—Scott. *The Monastery.*

The following speech, which occurs in the same chapter, is better conceived, and exhibits a distant approach to the Euphuistic mode :—

“ Trust me,” said the knight, again turning to Mary Avenel, “ if I do not pity you, lady, who, being of noble blood, are thus in a manner compelled to abide in the cottage of the ignorant, like the precious stone in the head of the toad, or like a precious garland on the brow of an ass.”

The style of Lyly has been defined by Michael Drayton in two well-known lines :—

Talking of Stones, Stars, Plants, of Fishes, Flyes,
Playing with words and idle Similies."

The following selections from the Euphuistic title pages of John Taylor, who is commonly known as "the Water Poet," will give some idea of the style in vogue. An extremely elaborate piece of Euphuism can be seen in the title-page of EKSKUBALAUROŃ ; or, The Discovery of a Most Exquisite Jewel, etc., a work written by Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty. (The Library possesses a copy.)

An Armado, or navye of 103 Ships and other Vessels who have the Art to sayle by Land as well as Sea, 1627. (The Navy consists of words ending in *ship*.)

Newes from Tenebris ; or preterpluperfect nocturnall or night worke. Written by Candle-light, betwixt Owle-light and Moon-light, with the Help of Star-light and Twy-light, and may be read by Day-light, 1652.

Nonsence upon Sence, or Sence upon Nonsense, chuse you whether, either or neither—Written upon white paper, in a browne study. Beginning at the End and written by John Taylor at the signe of the Poore Poets Head in Phenix Alley neare the middle of Long Aker, in Covent Garden.

The Essence, Quintessence, Insence, Innocence, Lifsence and Magnificence of Nonsence upon Sence, 1653.

LXXXII.

Of the Spire or Taper called Pyramis.

From God the fountaine of all good, are deriued into the world all good things : and vpon her maiestie all the good fortunes any worldly creature can be furnisht with. Reade downward according to the nature of the deuice.

- 1 God
On
Hie
- 2 From
Aboue
Sends loue
Wisedome,
In stice
Cou rage,
Boun tie.
- 3 And doth geue
Al that liue,
Life and breath
Harts ese helth
Children, welth
Beauty strength
Restfull age,
And at length
A mild death,

4 He doeth bestow
 All mens fortunes
 Both high and low
 And the best things
 That earth can haue
 Or mankind craue,
 Good queens and kings
 Finally is the same
 Who gaue you (madam)
 Seyson of this Crowne
 With poure soueraigne
 5 Impugnable right.
 Redoubtable might,
 Most prosperous raigne
 Eternall renowne,
 And that your chiefest is
 Sure hope of heauens blis.

[The figures at the side, represent the number of syllables. Ed.]

The Piller, Pillaster or Cillinder.

Her Maiestie resembled to the crowned piller. Ye must read vpward.

Is blisse with immortalitie.
 Her trymest top of all ye see,
 Garnish the crowne
 Her iust renowne
 Chapter and head,
 Part that maintain
 And womanhead
 Her mayden raigne
 In te gri tie:
 In honour and
 With vertue
 Her roundnes stand
 Strengthen the state.
 By their increase
 With debate
 Concord and peace
 Of her support,
 They be the base
 With steadfastnesse
 Vertue and grace
 Stay and comfort
 Of Albions rest,
 The sounde Pillar
 And scene a farre
 Is plainly exprest
 Tall stately and strait
 By this noble pourtrayt.

George Puttenham, *The Arte of English Poesie* (ed. Arber), p. 108.

LXXXIII.

The more elaborate masque was first added to the luxuries of the English Court in 1512-1513, as a new fashion out of Italy, with characters assumed by lords and ladies. Edward Hall has recorded that at Greenwich, in 1512, "on the day of the Epiphany at night, the

king, with eleven others, was disguised after the manner of Italy, called a Mask, a thing not seen before in England; they were apparelled in garments long and broad, wrought all with gold, with visors and caps of gold. And after the banquet done, these masquers came in with six gentlemen disguised in silk, bearing staff torches, and desired the ladies to dance; some were content, and some refused; and after they had danced and communed together as the fashion of the mask is, they took their leave and departed." Here the masquing was all by the king himself, with gentlemen and ladies of his court; for the true masque was a device for social pleasure, in which there was no more thought of hiring the performers than we should have to-day of paying servants to dance for us at a ball.

Holinshed has described a masque at Greenwich in Henry VIII.'s time, with mechanical contrivances and action in dumb show. A castle was built in the hall of the palace, with towers, gates, battlements and mimic preparations for a siege. It was inscribed on the front "La Forteresse Dangereuse." Six ladies, clothed in russet satin overlaid with leaves of gold, and with gold coifs and caps, looked from the castle windows. The castle was so made that it could be moved about the hall for admiration by the company. Then entered the king with five knights in embroidered vestments, spangled and plated with gold. They besieged the castle until the ladies surrendered, and came out to dance with them. The ladies then led the knights into the castle, which immediately vanished, and the company retired.

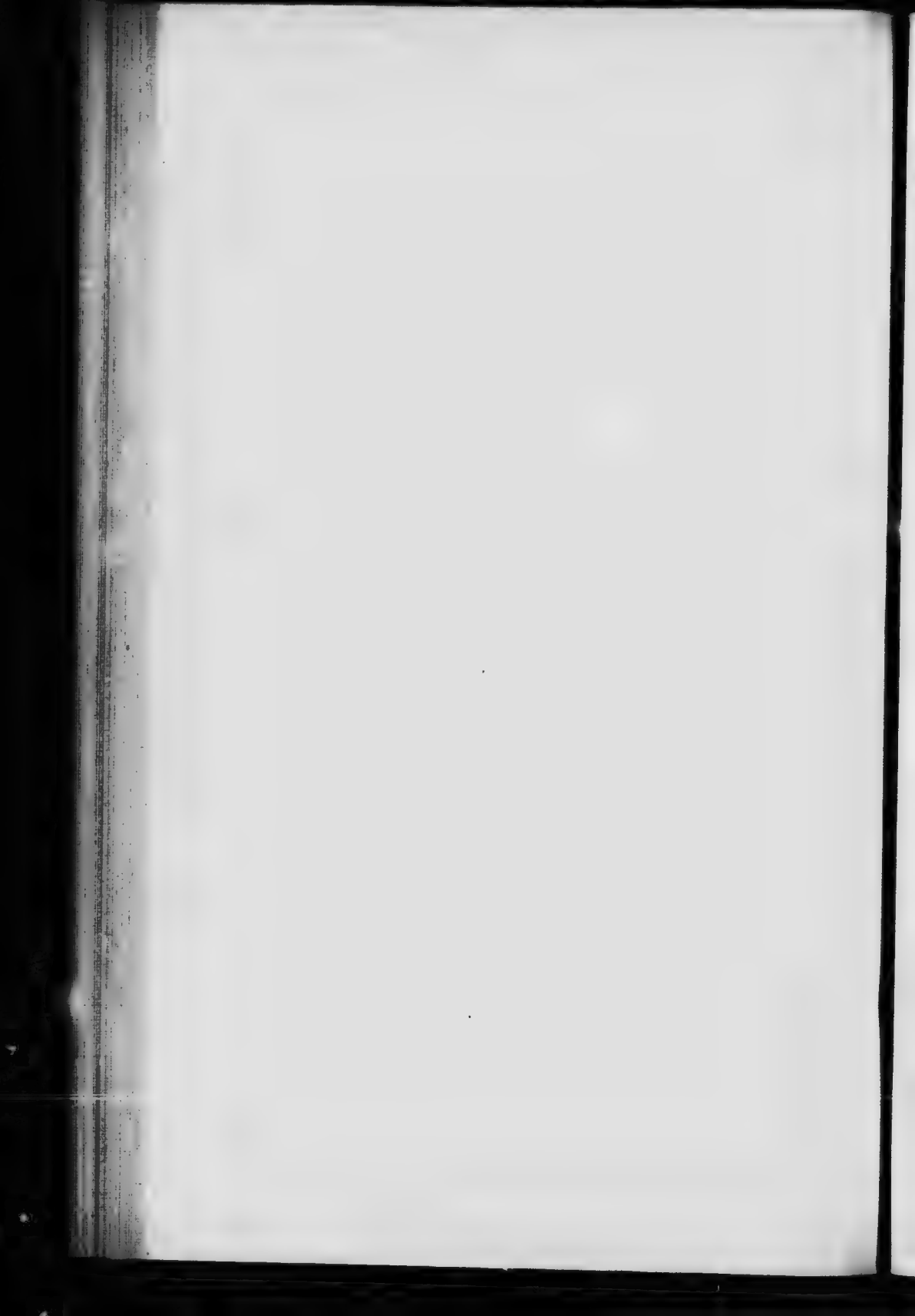
Henry Morley. *English Writers*,
Vol. IX, pp. 72-73.

LXXXIV.

Music and poetry is his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like silvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay. (*a rustic dance.*)
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard by,
One like Actæon peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,
And running in the likeness of an hart
By yelping hounds pulled down, and seem to die;—
Such things as these best please his majesty.

Marlowe. *Edward the Second* (ed. Bullen.)
(Act I., Sc. I.)

(To speak of masques in the time of Edward II is, of course, erroneous.)



LXXXV.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED,

In a Masque at Court, 1615,
By the Lords and Gentlemen, the King's Servants.

*The Court being seated, and in expectation. Loud music: PALLAS
in her chariot descending, to a softer music.*

Look, look ! rejoice and wonder
That you, offending mortals, are
(For all your crimes) so much the care
Of him that bears the thunder.

Jove can endure no longer,
Your great ones should your less invade ;
Or that your weak, though bad, be made
A prey unto the stronger,

And therefore means to settle
Astræa in her seat again ;
And let down in his golden chain
The Age of better metal.

Which deed he doth the rather,
That even Envy may behold
'Time not enjoy'd his head of gold
Alone beneath his father.

But that his care conserveth,
As Time, so all Time's honours too,
Regarding still what heaven should do,
And not what earth deserveth.

4
(*A tumult, and clashing of arms heard within.*)

But hark ! what tumult from yon cave is heard ?
What noise, what strife, what earthquake and alarms.
As troubled Nature for her maker feared ;
And all the Iron Age were up in arms !

Hide me, soft cloud, from their profaner eyes,
Till insolent Rebellion take the field :
And as their spirits with their counsels rise,
I frustrate all with showing but my shield.

(*She retires behind a cloud.*)

The IRON AGE presents itself, calling forth the EVILS.

I. Age. Come forth, come forth, do we not hear
What purpose, and how worth our fear,
The King of Gods hath on us ?
He is not of the Iron breed,
That would, though Fate did help the deed,
Let Shame in so upon us.

Rise, rise then up, thou grandame Vice
Of all my issue, Avarice,
Bring with thee Fraud and Slander,
Corruption with the golden hands,
Or any subtler Ill, that stands.
To be a more commander.

Thy boys, Ambition, Pride, and Scorn,
Force, Rapine, and thy babe last born,
Smooth Treachery, call hither.
Arm Folly forth, and Ignorance,
And teach them all our Pyrrhic dance :
We may triumph together

Upon this enemy so great,
Whom if our forces can defeat,
And but this once bring under,
We are the masters of the skies,
Where all the wealth, height, power lies,
The sceptre, and the thunder.

Which of you would not in a war
Attempt the price of any scar,
To keep your own states even ?
But here, which of you is that he,
Would not himself the weapon be,
To ruin Jove and heaven ?

About it then, and let him feel
 The Iron Age is turned to steel,
 Since he begins to threaten her :
 And though the bodies here are less
 Than were the giants ; he'll confess
 Our malice is far greater.

The EVILS enter for the Antimasque and DANCE, to two drums, trumpets, and a confusion of martial music ! at the end of which, PALLAS re-appears, showing her shield. The EVILS are turned to Statues.

Pal. So change, and perish, scarcely knowing how,
 That 'gainst the gods do take so vain a vow,
 And think to equal, with your mortal dates,
 Their lives that are obnoxious to the Fates.
 'Twas time t'appear and let their folly see,
 'Gainst whom they fought, and with what destiny.
 Die all that can remain of you but stone
 And that be seen a while, and then be none !
 Now, now descend, you both beloved of Jove,
 And of the good on earth no less the love ;
The scene changes ; and she calls

ASTRÆA and the GOLDEN AGE.

Descend, you long, long wished and wanted pair,
 And as your softer times divide the air,
 So shake all clouds off with your golden hair ;
 For Spite is spent : the Iron Age is fled,
 And, with her power on earth, her name is dead.

ASTRÆA and the GOLDEN AGE descending with a SONG.

1st. G. Age.—And are we then
 To live again
 With men ?

1st.—Will Jove such pledges to the earth restore
 As Justice ?

G. Age.—Or the purer ore ?

Pal.—Once more.

G. Age.—But do they know,
 How much they owe ?
 Below ?

Ast.—And will of grace receive it, not as due ?

Pal.—If not, they harm themselves, not you.

Ast.—True.

G. Age.—True.

Cho.—Let narrow natures, how they will, mistake,
 The great should still be good for their own sake.

(They come forward)

Pal.—Welcome to earth, and reign !

1st. G. Age.—But how, without a train
 Shall we our state sustain ?

Pal.—Leave that to Jove : therein you are
 No little part of his Minerva's care.

Expect awhile.—

You far-famed spirits of this happy isle,
That, for your sacred songs have gained the style
Of Phœbus' sons, whose notes the air aspire
Of the old Egyptian, or the Thracian lyre,
That CHAUCER, GOWER, LYDGATE, SPENSER, hight
Put on your better flames, and larger light,
To wait upon the Age that shall your names new nourish,
Since Virtue pressed shall grow, and buried Arts shall flourish.

Chan. Gow.—We come.

Lid. Spen.—We come.

Omnes.—Our best of fire,
Is that which Pallas doth inspire.
(*They descend.*)

Pal. Then see you yonder souls, set far within the shade,
That in Elysian bowers the blessed seats do keep,
That for their living good, now semi-gods are made,
And went away from earth as if but tamed with sleep;
These we must join to wake; for these are of the strain
That Justice dare defend, and will the age sustain.

Cho.—Awake, awake, for whom these times were kept,
O wake, wake, wake, as you had never slept!
Make haste and put on air, to be their guard,
Whom once but to defend is still reward.

Pal.—Thus Pallas throws a lightning from her shield.

The scene of light discovered.

Cho.—To which let all that doubtful darkness yield.

Ast.—Now Peace.

G. Age.—And Love.

Ast.—Faith.

G. Age.—Joys.

Ast. G. Age.—All, all increase. (*A pause*)

Chau.—And Strife,

Gow.—And Hate,

Lid.—And Fear,

Spen.—And Pain,

Omnes.—All cease.

Pal.—No tumour of an iron vein.
The causes shall not come again.

Cho.—But, as of old, all now be gold.
Move, move then to the sounds;
And do not only walk your solemn rounds,
But give those light and airy bounds,
That fit the Genii of these gladder grounds.

The first DANCE.

Pal.—Already do not all things smile?

Ast.—But when they have enjoyed awhile

The Age's quickening power :
Age.—That every thought a seed doth bring,
And every look a plant doth spring
And every breath a flower :

Pol.—The earth unploughed shall yield her crop,
Pure honey from the oak shall drop,
The fountain shall run milk :
The thistle shall the lily bear,
And every bramble roses wear,
And every worm make silk.

Cho.—The very shrub shall balsam sweat
And nectar melt the rock with heat,
Till earth have drank her fill :
That she no harmful weed may know,
Not barren fern, nor mandrake low,
Nor mineral to kill.

.....
Here they dance the Galliards and Corantos.

Pallas (ascending, and calling the poets).

'Tis now enough ; behold you here,
What Jove hath built to be your sphere ;
You hither must retire.
And as his bounty gives you cause
Be ready still without your pause,
To shew the world your fire.

Make lights about Astræa's throne,
You here must shine, and all be one,
In fervour and in flame :
That by your union she may grow,
And you, sustaining her, may know
The Age still by her name

Who vows, against or heat or cold,
To spin your garments of her gold,
That want may touch you never ;
And making garments every hour,
To write your names in every flower,
That you may live for ever.

Cho.—To Jove, to Jove, be all the honour given,
That thankful hearts can raise from earth to heaven.

Ben Jonson.

LXXXVI.

An Ode for him.

Ah Ben !
 Say how, or when
 Shall we thy Guests
 Meet at those *Lyrick Feasts*,
 Made at the *Sun*,
 The *Dog*, the triple *Tunne* !
 Where we such clusters had,
 As made us nobly wild, not mad :
 And yet each Verse of thine
 Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben !
 Or come agen :
 Or send to us,
 Thy wits great overplus ;
 But teach us yet
 Wisely to husband it ;
 Lest we that Tallent spend :
 And having once brought to an end
 That precious stock : the store
 Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

Robert Herrick. Hesperides.

Elizabethan and Stuart Periods.—The Essayists and the Restoration Drama.

Bacon's *Essays*—Montaigne—the meaning to be attached to the word *essay*—Earle's *Microcosmographie*—the influence it represents—its quality and the meaning of the title—Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*.

The nature of the purification of the French language—Joachim du Bellay—Malherbe—the Hôtel Rambouillet—The French Academy.

The Restoration Drama—the rimed-verse controversy—*An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*—its arguments—the “heroic” play—*Almanzor and Almahide*—*The Rehearsal*.

Pope and the Critical Essayists—their doctrines.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

LXXXVII.

Of Studies.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling

of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornamēt, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience. For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proying (*pruning*) by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire (*wonder at*) them; and wise men use them. For they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Histories make men wise; poets witty (*imaginative*); the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abunt studia in mores*. Nay, there is no stond (*hindrance*; nasalized form of *stand*) or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercise: bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So, if a man's wits be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores* (*dividers of cummin seeds*). If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.—Bacon. *Essays* (Ed. 1625).

LXXXVIII.

Every man out of his Humour.

(After the usual list of *dramatis personæ*, *The Characters of the Persons* is given, from which the following extract is taken.)

FASTIDIOUS BRISK, A neat, spruce, affecting courtier, one that wears clothes well, and in fashion; practiseth by his glass how to salute; speaks good remnants, notwithstanding the base viol and tobacco; swears tersely, and with variety; cares not what lady's favour he belies, or great man's familiarity: a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. He will borrow another man's horse to praise, and backs him as his own: or, for a need, on foot can post himself into credit with his merchant, only with the gingle of his spur, and the jerk of his wand.

CLOVE AND ORANGE, An inseparable case of coxcombs, city born; the Gemini, or twins of foppery: that like a pair of wooden foils are fit for nothing but to be practised upon. Being well flattered, they'll lend money, and repent when they have done. Their glory is to invite players, and make suppers. And in company of better rank, to avoid the suspect of insufficiency, will inforce their ignorance most desperately, to set upon the understanding of anything. Orange is the most humorous of the two (whose small portion of juice being squeezed out,) Clove serves to stick him with commendations.

Ben Jonson.

That Man is (as it were) a little world: with a digression touching our mortality.

Man, thus compounded and formed by God, was an abstract or model, or brief story of the Universal: in whom God concluded the creation, and work of the world, and whom he made the last and most excellent of his creatures, being internally endued with a divine understanding, by which he might contemplate and serve his Creator, after whose image he was formed, and endued with the powers and faculties of reason and other abilities, that thereby also he might govern and rule the world, and all other God's creatures therein And because in the little frame of Man's body there is a representation of the Universal, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts thereof, therefore was man called *Microcosmos*, or the little world. *Deus igitur hominem factum, velut alterum quendam mundum, in brevi magnam, atque exiguum totum, in terris statuit: God therefore plac'd in the earth the man whom he had made, as it were another world, the great and large world in the small and little world: for out of earth and dust was formed the flesh of man, and therefore heavy and lumpish; the bones of his body we may compare to the hard rocks and stones, and therefore strong and durable: of which Ovid:*

*Inde genus durum sumus, experientique laborum,
Et documenta damus quæ simul origines uti.*

From this our kind hard-hearted is, enduring pain and care,
Approving, that our bodies of a stony nature are.

His blood, which disperseth itself by the branches of veins through all the body, may be resembled to those waters which are carried by brooks and rivers over all the earth; his breath to the air; his natural heat to the enclosed warmth, which the earth hath in itself, which, stirred up by the heat of the sun, assisteth Nature in the speedier procreation of those varieties, which the earth bringeth forth; our radical moisture, oil, or balsamum (whereon the natural heat feedeth, and is maintained) is resembled to the fat and fertility of the earth: the hairs of man's body, which adorn or overshadow it, to the grass, which covereth the upper face and skin of the earth; our generative power, to Nature, which produceth all things; our determinations, to the light, wandering, and unstable clouds, carried everywhere with uncertain winds; our eyes to the light of the sun and moon; and the beauty of our youth, to the flowers of the Spring, which, either in a very short time, or with the sun's heat dry up, and wither away, or the fierce puffs of wind blow them from the stalks; the thoughts of our mind, to the motion of angels; and our pure understanding (formerly called *Mens*, and that which always looketh upward) to those intellectual natures, which are always present with God; and, lastly, our immortal souls (while they are righteous) are by God himself beautified with the title of his own image and similitudes.—Sir Walter Raleigh. *The History of the World.*

(Extract LXXXIX is a good specimen of Elizabethan prose. Notice the long sentences, the use of classical quotations, and the parentheses.)

XC.

A YOUNG RAW PREACHER

Is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be stragling abroad at what peril soever. His backwardness in the University hath set him thus forward; for had he not truanted there, he had not been so hasty a divine. His small standing and time hath made him a proficient only in boldness, out of which and his table book he is furnished for a preacher. His collections of study are the notes of sermons, which taken up at St. Mary's, he utters in the country. And if he write bractigraphy, his stock is so much the better. His writing is more than his reading; for he reads only what he gets without book. Thus accomplished he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the pulpit. His prayer is conceited (*fanciful*), and no man remembers his college more at large. The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale till the clock stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs. And the only thing he has made of it himself is the faces. He takes on against the Pope without mercy, and has a jest still (*ever*) in lavender for Bellarmine. Yet he preaches heresy, if it comes in his way, though with a mind I must needs say very orthodox. His action is all passion, and his speech interjections; . . . His style is compounded of some twenty several men's, only his body imitates some one extraordinary. He will not draw his handkercher out of his (*its*) place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is, that he never looks upon book, and, indeed, he was never used to it. He preaches but once a year, though twice on Sunday: for the stuff is still (*ever*) the same, only the dressing a little altered. He has more tricks with a sermon, than a tailor with an old cloak, to turn it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profession, and would show reading of his own, his authors are postils, and his school-divinity a catechism. His fashion and demure habit get him in with some town-precisian, and makes him a guest on Friday nights. You shall know him by his narrow velvet cape, and serge facing, and his ruff, next his hair, the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walk is some zealous tradesman, whom he astonisheth with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends and much painfulness may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and this means, to a chambermaid: with whom we leave him now in the bonds of wedlock. Next Sunday you shall have him again.—*Microcosmographie*. (1628.)

(*Microcosmographie* was, in all likelihood, written by John Earle [1600-1665], an estimable Churchman, who adhered to the King's party during the Civil War. At the Restoration, Earle returned from exile, was consecrated Bishop of Worcester in 1662, and in the next year was translated to the see of Salisbury.)

XCI.

The following list of Dryden's Heroic Plays may prove useful :—
The Rival Ladies (1664)—of Spanish source—some scenes in rime.
The Indian Queen (1664), conjointly with Sir R. Howard—very nearly the whole in rime.
The Indian Emperor (1665)—in rime.
Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen (1667)—in rime, blank verse, prose.

Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr (1668 ?)—in rime.
Almanzor and Almahide, or the Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards (1669 or 1670). This is the representative play of the French school. Dryden was indebted for material to M^{lle}. de Scudéry's romance of *Almahide*. In his *Essay on Heroic Plays*, Dryden speaks of the sources whence he derived his idea of the character of Almanzor : "The first image I had of him was from the Achilles of Homer ; the next from Tasso's Rinaldo (who was a copy of the former) ; and the third from the Artaban of Monsieur Calprenède, who has imitated both."

XCII.

Dedicatory Epistle to THE RIVAL LADIES.

To the Right Honourable Roger, Earl of Orrery.
 My Lord,

This worthless present was designed you, long before it was a Play. But I fear, by not defending the received words : I shall be accused for following the New Way : I mean, of writing Scenes in Verse ; though to speak properly, 'tis no so much a New Way amongst us, as an Old Way new revived. For, many years before SHAKESPEARE'S Plays, was the tragedy of *Queen GORBODUC* in English Verse (*Dryden is in error : Gorboduc was not a queen, but a king ; the earlier unauthorized edition gave GORBODUC as the title of the play : the authorized edition, FERREX AND PORREX. If by "verse" Dryden means rimed verse, he is wrong, for GORBODUC is written in blank verse*) : written by that famous Lord BUCKHURST, afterwards Earl of DORSET, and progenitor to that excellent Person, who, as he inherits his Soul and Title, I wish may inherit his good fortune ! (*Lord Buckhurst was not the sole author of the play, according to the unauthorized edition. The play has been noticed in the lectures.*)

But supposing our countrymen had not received this Writing, till of late ! Shall we oppose ourselves to the most polished and civilized nations of Europe ? Shall we, with the same singularity, oppose the World in this, as most of us do in pronouncing Latin ? Or do we desire, that the brand which BARCLAY has, I hope unjustly, laid upon the English, should still continue ? *Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur ; ceteras nationes despectui habent. The English admire their countrymen and all that belongs to them, excessively ; they hold other nations in disdain.*) All the Spanish and Italian Tragedies I have yet seen are writ in rhyme. For the French, I do not name them, because

it is the fate of our countrymen, to admit little of theirs among us, but the basest of their men, the extravagancies of their fashions, and the frippery of their merchandise.

SHAKESPEARE, who (with some errors, not to be avoided in that Age) had, undoubtedly, a larger Soul of Poesy than ever any of our nation, was the First, who (to shun the pains of continual rhyming) invented that kind of writing which we call Blank Verse—(Dryden makes a mistake. The first blank verse in our Literature is the translation of the Second and Fourth books of Virgil's *ÆNEID* by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey: the first pieces of original blank verse were written by Nicholas Grimoald, and appear in TOTTIEL'S MISCELLANY, their subjects being the DEATH OF ZOROAS, AN EGYPTIAN ASTRONOMER, and MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO'S DEATH)—but the French more properly *Prose Mesurée*: into which the English tongue so naturally slides, that in writing Prose, 'tis hardly to be avoided. And, therefore, I admire (wonder that) some men should perpetually stumble in a way so easy: and, inverting the order of their words, constantly close their lines with verbs. Which, though commended sometimes in writing Latin; yet, we were whipt at Westminster if we used it twice together And, indeed, this is the only inconvenience with which Rhyme can be charged..... But the excellence and dignity of it were never fully known, till Mr. Waller taught it. He, first, made writing easily, an Art: first, showed us to conclude the Sense, most commonly in distiches; which in the Verse of those before him, runs on for so many lines together, that the reader is out of breath, to overtake it.

This sweetness of Mr. Waller's Lyric Poesy was, afterwards, followed in the Epic, by Sir John Denham in his *Cooper's Hill*, a Poem which your Lordship knows! for the majesty of the style is, and ever will be, the Exact Standard of Good Writing.

But if we owe the invention of it to Mr. Waller, we are acknowledging for the noblest use of it, to Sir William D'Avenant; who, at once, brought it upon the Stage, and made it perfect in *The Siege of Rhodes*.

(Dryden then specifies the advantages of rime over blank verse: (a) it helps the memory, (b) the sudden smartness of the answer (Repartee) and the sweetness of the rime set off the beauty of each other, (c) it bounds and circumscribes the Fancy.)

XCIII.

The following extract is taken from *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy* Dryden's most celebrated contribution to the literature which deals with the investigation of the best form of verse for a play. The Essay consists of a dialogue between Eugenius (Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and afterwards Earl of Dorset), Crites (Sir Robert Howard), Lisideius (Sir Charles Sedley) and Neander (Dryden). In the course of his arguments Crites speaks as follows:

Those Ancients have been faithful Imitators and wise Observers of that Nature, which is so torn and ill represented in our Plays. They

have handed down to us a perfect Resemblance of Her, which we, like ill copyers, *neglecting to look on*, have rendered monstrous and disfigured..... I must remember you, that all the Rules by which we practise the Drama at this day (either such as relate to the Justness and Symmetry of the Plot; or the episodical ornaments, such as Descriptions, Narrations, and other beauties which are not essential to the play) were delivered to us from the Observations that Aristotle made of those poets which either lived before him, or were his contemporaries. We have added nothing of our own, except we have the confidence to say, "Our wit is better!" which none boast of in our Age, but such as understand not theirs. Of that book which Aristotle has left us—Horace his *Art of Poetry* is an excellent Comment.—Out of these two (Authors) have been extracted the Famous Rules, which the French call, *Les trois Unités* or "The Three Unities," which ought to be observed in every regular Play, namely, of TIME, PLACE, and ACTION.

XCIV.

From the Prologue to *Secret Love or the Maiden Queen*.

He who writ this, not without pains and thought,
From French and English theatres has brought
The exactest rules by which a play is wrought:

The unities of action, place and time;
The scenes (*i. e. dialogue*) unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of Jonson's humour with Corneille's rhyme.

But while dead colours, he, with care did lay,
He fears his wit or plot he did not weigh,
Which are the living beauties of play.

Dryden.

XCV.

FROM THE PROLOGUE TO *The Rival Ladies*.

You now have habits, dances, scenes, and rhymes,
High language often, ay, and sense sometimes.
As for a clear contrivance, doubt it not;
They blow out candles to give light to the plot.
And for surprise, two bloody-minded men
Fight till they die, then rise and dance again.
Such deep intrigues you're welcome to this day:
But blame yourselves, not him who writ the play.

Dryden.

XCVI.

A specimen of the extravagance of the "heroic" mode, taken from
The First Part of the Conquest of Granada.

Almanz. To live !
 If from thy hands alone my death can be,
 I am immortal and a god to thee.
 If I would kill thee now, thy fate's so low,
 That I must stoop ere I can give the blow :
 But mine is fixed so far above thy crown,
That all thy men,
Piled on thy back, can never pull it down :
 But at my ease thy destiny I send,
 By ceasing from this hour to be thy friend.
 Like heaven, I need but only to stand still,
 And, not concurring in thy life, I kill.
 Thou can'st no title to my duty bring ;
 I'm not thy subject, and my soul's thy king.
 Farewell. When I am gone,
 There's not a star of thine dare stay with thee :
 I'll whistle thy tame fortune after me ;
 And whirl fate with me wheresoe'er I fly,
 As winds drive storms before them in the sky.

XCVII.

From *The Rehearsal*, a play written by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham and others, and commonly spoken of as Buckingham's *Rehearsal*. The object of the writers was to make the heroic play seem an absurdity. D'Avenant was to be the hero of *The Rehearsal*, but Dryden was substituted for him, and was named *Bayes*, owing to his being the poet laureate. (The student should not fail to read Dryden's caricature of Buckingham as *Zimri* in *Absalom and Achitophel*, and also Pope's well-known lines in his *Moral Essays*, Epistle III. Other references to Buckingham are, by comparison, unimportant. To explain the extract, it may be stated that Johnson and Smith play the part of critics.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy : this is my book of *Drama Common places* ; the *Mother* of many other plays.

Johns. *Drama Common places* ! pray what's that ?

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smr. How, Sir, help for Wit ?

Bayes. I, Sir, that's my position. And I do here averr, That no man yet the Sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it be with the help of these my Rules.

Johns. What are those Rules, I pray ?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion or *Regula Duplex* : changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into Verse, alternative as you please.

Smi. How's that, Sir, by a Rule, I pray?

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing more easie when understood: I take a Book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit in't, as there is no Book but has some, I Transverse it; that is, if it be Prose, put it into Verse (but that takes up some time), if it be Verse, put it into Prose.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verse into Prose should be call'd Transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, a very good Notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smi. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Makes it my own. 'Tis so alter'd that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, and by way of Table-Book. Pray observe.

Johns. Well, we hear you: go on.

Bayes. As thus. I come into a Coffee-house, or some other place where wittie men resort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that, too, my own.

Johns. But, Mr. *Bayes*, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

Bayes. No, Sir; the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smi. But, pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third Rule that I have here in my pocket.

Smi. What Rule can that be?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have anything to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently (*immediately*) turn o'er this book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perseus*, *Montaigne*, *Seneca's Tragedies*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch's lives*, and the rest have ever thought, upon this subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as sure and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. I, Sirs, when you come to write your selves, o' my word you'll find it so.

It is worth mention that Andrew Marvell wrote a satire, entitled *The Rehearsal Transposed*.

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McGill University, Montreal.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (FIRST YEAR COURSE).

PROFESSOR CHAS. E. MOYSE, B.A.

SUBJECTS.

Augustan and Pre-Revolution Periods.—The Critical and Periodical Essayists.—Some of the Minor Critical Essayists—their uniformity—Pope's *Essay on Criticism*—its quality and reflection of the doctrines of the school—the rise of the Periodical Essayists—Defoe's *Review*—the *Tatler* and *Spectator*—the method of the age as displayed in the criticism of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, of *Cherry Chase*, and of the *Two Children in the Wood*—

English Deism—the *Essay on Man*—Bolingbroke—the outlines of Deism—the reaction—the orthodox literature of gloom—Goethe's criticism.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

XCVIII.

The heroic couplet was then the favourite measure. The art of arranging words in that measure, so that the lines may flow smoothly, that the accents may fall correctly, that the rhymes may strike the ear strongly, and that there may be a pause at the end of every distich, is an art as mechanical as that of mending a kettle or shoeing a horse, and may be learned by any human being who has sense enough to learn any thing. But, like other mechanical arts, it was gradually improved by means of many experiments and many failures. It was reserved for Pope to discover the trick, to make himself complete master of it, and to teach it to every body else. From the time when his Pastorals appeared, heroic versification became matter of rule and compass; and, before long, all artists were on a level. Hundreds of dunces who never blundered on one happy thought or expression were able to write reams of couplets which, as far as euphony was concerned, could not be distinguished from those of Pope himself, and which very clever writers of the reign of Charles the Second, Rochester, for example, or Marvel, or Oldham, would have contemplated with admiring despair.

Ben Jonson was a great man, Hoole a very small man. But Hoole,

coming after Pope, had learned how to manufacture decasyllable verses, and poured them forth by thousands and tens of thousands, all as well turned, as smooth, and as like each other as the blocks which have passed through Mr. Brunel's mill in the dockyard at Portsmouth.—Macaulay. *Essay on the Life and Writings of Addison*.

XCIX.

A FEW OF THE ESSAYISTS ON CRITICISM.

John Dryden—*Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.

John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire—*An Essay on Poetry*.

Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon—*An Essay on Translated Verse*.

George Granville, Lord Lansdowne—*Essay upon unnatural Flights in Poetry*.

Alexander Pope—*Essay on Criticism*, pub. 1711.

C

FROM ADDISON'S PAPER ON POPE'S *Essay on Criticism*.

In our own Country a Man seldom sets up for a Poet, without attacking the Reputation of all his Brothers in the Art. The Ignorance of the Moderns, the Scribblers of the Age, the Decay of Poetry, are the Topicks of Detraction, with which he makes his Entrance into the World: But how much more noble is the Fame that is built on Candour and Ingenuity, according to those beautiful Lines of Sir John Denham, in his Poem on *Fletcher's Works*!

*But whither am I strayed? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other Mens Dispraise!
Nor is thy Fame on lesser Ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster Title the foul Guilt
Of Eastern Kings, who, to secure their Reign,
Must have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred slain.*

I am sorry to find that an Author, who is very justly esteemed among the best Judges, has admitted some Strokes of this Nature into a very fine Poem; I mean *The Art of Criticism*, which was published some Months since, and is a Master-piece in its kind. The Observations follow one another like those in *Horace's Art of Poetry*, without that methodical Regularity which would have been requisite in a Prose Author. There are some of them uncommon, but such as the Reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that Elegance and Perspicuity with which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a Light, and illustrated with such apt Allusions, that they have in them all the Graces of Novelty, and make the Reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their

Truth and Solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so very well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works, that Wit and fine Writing doth not consist so much in advancing Things that are new, as in giving Things that are known an agreeable Turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the lat(t)er Ages of the World to make Observations in Criticism, Morality, or in any Art or Science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common Sense of Mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon Lights. If a Reader examines *Horace's Art of Poetry*, he will find but very few Precepts in it, which he may not meet with in *Aristotle*, and which were not commonly known by all the Poets of the *Augustan Age*. His Way of expressing and applying them, not his Invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire. . . . I cannot conclude this Paper without taking notice that we have three Poems in our Tongue, which are of the same Nature, and each of them a Master-piece in its kind; the *Essay on Translated Verse*, the *Essay on the Art of Poetry*, and the *Essay upon Criticism*.—*Spectator*, No. 253, Thursday, Dec. 20, 1711.

CI.

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
 Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
 But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
 The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
 And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the Romans as of old.
 Yet some there were, among the sounder few
 Of those who less presum'd and better knew,
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 "Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."

(*Essay on Poetry*: see above.)

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And every author's merit, but his own.
 Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend—
 Pope. *Essay on Criticism*.

CII.

An Account of the Greatest English Poets.

To Mr. H. S., April 3rd, 1694.

Since dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse-possess,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes ;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses' worth, though not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine ;
Till Chaucer first, the merry bard arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscured his wit ;
In vain he jests in his unpolished strain
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warmed with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barbarous age,
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale that pleased of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more ;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.

.....
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought :
His turns too closely on the reader press ;
He more had pleased us, had he pleased us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'er flows the heavens with one continued light ;
That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
The unnumbered beauties of thy verse with blame ;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.

.
But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfettered in majestic numbers walks ;

No vulgar hero can his muse engage ;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallowed rage.

See ! see, he upward springs, and towering high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets the Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse arrayed in majesty,
Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.

But now my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse ;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays :
Muse, tune thy verse with art to Waller's praise,
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire ;
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move
And Sacharissa's beauties kindle love.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry ;
Rules, whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighbouring plains.

But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years,
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.

How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourished, should decay with thee ;
Did not the muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear.
Congreve ! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promised more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tired with rhyming, and would fain give o'er
But justice still demands one labour more :
The noble Montague remains unnamed,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment famed ;
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.

Addison.

CIII.

THE COFFEE-HOUSES OF *The Tatler*.

All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house; poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; learning, under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will have from Saint James's Coffee-house, and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own apartment.—*The Tatler*, No. 1, Tuesday, April 12th, 1709.

CIV.

THE CLUB OF *The Spectator*.

Sir Roger de Coverly (so spelt in the original and the first reprint)
—a country gentleman.

The Templar—littérateur and critic.

Sir Andrew Freeport—a City merchant.

Captain Sentry—a retired soldier. (Sir Roger's heir.)

Will Honeycomb—a man about Town.

The Clergyman.

CV.

But tho' there are several of these wild Scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial Shows; yet we find the Works of Nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of Art; For in this case our Pleasure rises from a double Principle: from the Agreeableness of the Objects to the Eye, and from their Similitude to other Objects: We are pleased as well with comparing their Beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our Minds, either as Copies or Originals. Hence it is that we take Delight in a Prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with Fields and Meadows, Woods and Rivers; in those accidental Landships of Trees, Clouds and Cities, that are sometimes found in the Veins of Marble; in the curious Fret-work of Rocks and Grottos; and, in a Word, in anything that hath such a Variety or Regularity as may seem the Effect of Design, in what we call the Works of Chance.

If the Products of Nature rise in Value, according as they more or less resemble those of Art, we may be sure that artificial Works receive a greater Advantage from their Resemblance of such as are natural; because here the Similitude is not only pleasant, but the Pattern more perfect. The prettiest Landskip I ever saw, was one drawn on the Walls of a dark Room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable River, and on the other to a Park. The Experiment is very common in Opticks. Here you might discover the Waves and Fluctuations of the Water in strong and proper Colours, with the Picture of a Ship entering at one end, and sailing by Degrees through the whole Piece. Or another there appeared the Green Shadows of Trees, waving to and fro with the Wind, and Herds of Deer among them in Miniature, leap-

ing about upon the Wall. I must confess, the Novelty of such a Sight may be one occasion of its Pleasantness to the Imagination, but certainly the chief Reason is its near Resemblance to Nature, as it does not only, like other Pictures, give the Colour and Figure, but the Motion of the things it represents. . . .

Our *British* Gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring Nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our Trees rise in Cones, Globes, and Pyramids. We see the Marks of the Scissars upon every Plant and Bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my Opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a Tree in all its Luxuriancy and Diffusion of Boughs and Branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a Mathematical Figure; and cannot but fancy that an Orchard in Flower looks infinitely more delightful than all the little Labyrinths of the most finished Parterre.

Spectator, No. 414. (Addison.)

CVI.

Let any one reflect on the Disposition of Mind he finds in himself, at his first Entrance into the *Pantheon* at *Rome*, and how his Imagination is filled with something Great and Amazing; and, at the same time, consider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the Inside of a *Gothick* Cathedral, tho' it be five times larger than the other; which can arise from nothing else, but the Greatness of the Manner in the one, and the Meanness in the other. . . . Among all the Figures in Architecture, there are none that have a greater Air than the Concave and the Convex. . . . Look upon the Outside of a Dome, your Eye half surrounds it; look up into the Inside, and at one Glance you have all the Prospect of it; the entire Concavity falls into your Eye at once, the Sight being as the Center that collects and gathers into it the Lines of the whole Circumference.—*Spectator*, No. 415. (Addison).

The temple of the God of Dullness in the *Region of False Wit* is Gothic. (*Spect.* No. 63; Addison.) The following quotation is taken from the Paper immediately preceding: "I look upon these writers as *Goths* in Poetry, who, like those in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful Simplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the Extravagancies of an irregular Fancy.

CVII.

Want of space prevents the giving of a lengthy extract from *The Rape of the Lock*, which is the typical poem of the fashionable life of the period. It requires an age like that of Pope to present an heroic-comical poem on such a theme. The student is recommended to read the Toilet-scene at the end of the first Canto. Note the use of the word *forfex*—not *scissors*—in the following extract, which describes the act that caused such "dire offence."

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
 T' inclose the Lock ; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd ;
 Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !

CVIII.

I hear on all hands that a cabal calling itself philosophic receives the glory of many of the late proceedings ; and that their opinions and systems are the true actuating spirit of the whole of them. I have heard of no party in England, literary or political, at any time, known by such a description. It is not with you composed of those men, is it ? whom the vulgar, in their blunt, homely style, commonly call Atheists and Infidels ? 'If' it be, I admit that we too have had writers of that description, who made some noise in their day. At present they repose in lasting oblivion. Who, born within the last forty years, has read one word of Collins, and Toland, and Tindal, and Chubb, and Morgan, and that whole race who called themselves Freethinkers ? Who now reads Bolingbroke ? Who ever read him through ? Ask the booksellers of London what is become of all these lights of the world.—Burke. *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790).

CIX.

In Pope's *Essay on Man*, traces of the philosophy of Bolingbroke are visible everywhere. Compare the following : *Say first, of God above, or Man below* (Epistle I.) and Bolingbroke, *Fragments or Minutes of Essays*, XLIII ; *If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design* (Ep. I. line 155) and *Frag.* XLIV ; *How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine, Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine !* (Ep. I., lines 221-222) and *Frag.* XLII.

SUBJECTS.

The French Revolution and its influence on British thought.

The development of feudalism in France and in England—the Encyclopedia, its aim and place in the progress of thought—the doctrine of Locke—Rousseauism—Voltaire—his attitude—the American War of Independence—

A brief outline of the course of Revolution—the Abolition of Privileges—the Fête of Federation—the Girondins and the Jacobins—Burke—Tom Paine—Sir James Mackintosh—Burns—Coleridge and Southey—the Pantisocracy—*Wat Tyler*—*The Fall of Robespierre*—Wordsworth—his attitude towards the French Revolution.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

CX.

The Encyclopædia was virtually a protest against the old organisation, no less than against the old doctrine. Broadly stated, the great central moral of it all was this: that human nature is good, that the world is capable of being made a desirable abiding-place, and that the evil of the world is the fruit of bad education and bad institutions. This cheerful doctrine now strikes on the ear as a commonplace and a truism. A hundred years ago in France it was a wonderful gospel, and the beginning of a new dispensation. It was the great counter-principle to asceticism in life and morals, to formalism in art, to absolutism in the social ordering, to obscurantism in thought. Every social improvement since has been the outcome of that doctrine in one form or another. The conviction that the character and lot of man are indefinitely modifiable for good was the indispensable antecedent to any general and energetic endeavour to modify the conditions that surround him. The omnipotence of early instruction, of laws, of the method of social order, over the infinitely plastic impulses of the human creature—this was the maxim which brought men of such widely different temperament and leanings to the common enterprise. Everybody can see what wide and deep-reaching bearings such a doctrine possessed; how it raised all the questions connected with psychology and the formation of character; how it went down to the very foundation of morals; into what fresh and unwelcome sunlight it brought the articles of the old theology; with what new importance it clothed all the relations of real knowledge and the practical arts; what intense interest it lent to every detail of economics and legislation and government.

The deadly chagrin with which churchmen saw the encyclopædic fabric rising was very natural. The teaching of the Church paints man as fallen and depraved. The new secular knowledge clashed at a thousand points, alike in letter and in spirit, with the old sacred lore. Even where it did not clash, its vitality of interest and attraction drove the older lore into neglected shade. To stir men's vivid curiosity and hope about the earth was to make their care much less absorbing about the kingdom of heaven. To awaken in them the spirit of social improvement was ruin to the most scandalous and crying social abuse then existing.—John Morley. *Diderot*.

CXI.

OF THE DIFFERENT SYSTEMS OF LEGISLATION.

If we examine in what consists the supreme good of *A*, which ought to be the grand object of every legislature, it will appear to centre in these two points—*liberty* and *equality*: in *liberty*, because all private independence subtracts so much force from the body of the state: in *equality*, because *liberty* cannot subsist without it.

I have already explained the nature of *civil liberty*: and, with

respect to *equality*, the word must not be understood to mean, that *power* and *riches* should be equally divided between all ; but that *power* should never be so strong as to be capable of acts of violence, or exercised but in virtue of the exerciser's station, and under the direction of the laws : and that, in regard to *riches*, no citizen should be sufficiently opulent to be able to purchase another, and none so poor as to sell themselves. By thus moderating the wealth, you will moderate the interest of the higher class of men, and repress the avarice of the lower classes.—Rousseau. *Contrat Social*, Bk. 2, Chap. XI.

CXII.

The abuses attending the levy of taxes were heavy and universal. The kingdom was parcelled into generalities, with an intendant at the head of each, into whose hands the whole power of the crown was delegated for every thing except the military authority ; but particularly for all affairs of finance.—The generalities were sub-divided into elections, at the head of which was a *sub-délégué*, appointed by the intendant. The rolls of the *taille*, *capitation*, *vingtièmes*, and other taxes, were distributed among districts, parishes, and individuals, at the pleasure of the intendant, who could exempt, change, add, or diminish it pleasure. Such an enormous power, constantly acting, and from which no man was free, must, in the nature of things, degenerate in many cases into absolute tyranny.....The *corvées*, or police of the roads, were annually the ruin of many hundreds of farmers ; more than three hundred were reduced to beggary in filling up one vale in Lorraine : all these oppressions fell on the *tiers état* only ; the nobility and clergy having been equally exempted from *tailles*, militia, and *corvées*. The penal code of finance makes one shudder at the horrors of punishment inadequate to the crime.. A few features will sufficiently characterize the old government of France :

1. Smugglers of salt, armed and assembled to the number of five, in Provence, a *fine* of 500 livres and nine years gallies ; in all the rest of the kingdom, death.

2. Smugglers armed, assembled, but in number under five, a *fine* of 300 livres and three years gallies. Second offence, death

3. Women, married and single, smugglers, first offence a *fine* of 100 livres. Second, 500 livres. Third, *flogged, and banished the kingdom for life. Husbands responsible both in fin and body.*—Arthur Young. *Travels during the Years 1787, 1788, and 1789.* (From Pinkerton.)

CXIII.

The Night of the Abolition of Privileges.

With endless debating we get the *Rights of Man* written down and promulgated : true paper basis of all paper Constitutions. Neglecting, cry the opponents, to declare the Duties of Man ! Forgetting, answer we, to ascertain the *Mights* of Man ;—one of the fatalest omissions !—Nay sometimes, as on the Fourth of August, our National Assembly,

fired suddenly by an almost preternatural enthusiasm, will get through whole masses of work in one night. A memorable night, this Fourth of August: Dignitaries temporal and spiritual; Peers, Archbishops, Parlement-Presidents, each outdoing the other in patriotic devotedness, come successively to throw their (untenable) possessions on the "altar of the fatherland." With louder and louder vivats, for indeed it is "after dinner" too,—they abolish Tithes, Seigniorial Dues, Gabelle, excessive Preservation of Game; nay, Privilege, Immunity, Feudalism root and branch; then appoint a *Te Deum* for it; and, so, finally, disperse about three in the morning, striking the stars with their sublime heads. Such night, unforeseen but ever memorable, was this of the Fourth of August 1789. Miraculous, or semi-miraculous, some seem to think it. A new Night of Pentecost, shall we say, shaped according to the new Time, and new Church of Jean Jacques Rousseau? It had its causes; also its effects.—Carlyle. *French Revolution.*

CXIV.

The Fête of the Federation.

The morning comes, cold for a July one; but such a festivity would make Greenland smile. Through every inlet of that National Amphitheatre (for it is a league in circuit, cut with openings at due intervals) floods in the living throng; covers without tumult space after space. The Ecole Militaire has galleries and overvaulting canopies, wherein Carpentry and Painting have vied, for the Upper Authorities; triumphal arches, at the Gate by the River, bear inscriptions, if weak, yet well-meant, and orthodox. Far aloft, over the Altar of the Fatherland, on their tall crane standards of iron, swing pensile our antique *Cassolles* or Pans of incense; dispensing sweet incense-fumes,—unless for the Heathen Mythology, one sees not for whom. Two hundred thousand Patriotic Men; and, twice as good, one hundred thousand Patriotic Women, all decked and glorified as one can fancy, sit waiting in this Champ-de-Mars.

What a picture; that circle of bright dyed Life, spread up there, on its thirty-seated Slope; leaning, one would say, on the thick umbrage of those Avenue-Trees, for the stems of them are hidden by the height; and all beyond it mere greenness of Summer Earth, with the gleams of waters, or white sparklings of stone-edifices; a little circular enamel-picture in the centre of such a vase—of emerald! A vase not empty: the Invalides Cupolas want not their population, nor the distant Windmills of Montmartre; on remotest steeple and invisible village belfry, stand men with spy-glasses. On the heights of Chaillot are many-coloured undulating groups; round and far on, over all the circling heights that embosom Paris, it is as one more or less peopled Amphitheatre: which the eye grows dim with measuring. Nay heights, as was before hinted, have cannon; and a floating-battery of cannon is on the Seine. When eye fails, ear shall serve; and all France properly is but one Amphitheatre; for in paved town and unpaved hamlet, men walk listening; till the muffled thunder sound audible on their horizon, that they too may begin swearing and firing! But now, to streams of

music, come Federates enough,—for they have assembled on the Boulevard Saint-Antoine or thereby, and come marching through the City, with their Eighty-three Department Banners, and blessings not loud but deep; comes National Assembly, and takes seat under its Canopy; comes Royalty, and takes a seat on a throne beside it. And Lafayette, on white charger, is here, and all the civic Functionaries; and the Federates form dances, till their strictly military evolutions and manœuvres can begin.—Carlyle. *French Revolution.*

CXV.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what an heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she would ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.—But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprize, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.—Burke. *Reflections.*

CXVI.

The Plan of *The Anti-Jacobin*; or, *Weekly Examiner*, as set forth in the *Prospectus*.

It is our intention to publish Weekly, during the Session of Parliament, a Paper, containing:

First, An Abstract of the important events of the week, both at home and abroad;

Secondly, Such Reflections as may naturally arise out of them: and,

Thirdly, A contradiction and confutation of the falsehoods and misrepresentations concerning these events, their causes, and their consequences, which may be found in the Papers devoted to the cause of SEDITION and IRRELIGION, to the pay or principles of FRANCE.

This last, as it is by far the most important, will in all probability be the most copious of the three heads: and is that to which, above all others, We wish to direct the attention of our Readers.

We propose diligently to collect, as far as the range of our own daily reading will enable us, and we promise willingly to receive, from whatever quarter they may come, the several articles of this kind which require to be thus contradicted or confuted; which will naturally divide themselves into different classes, according to their different degrees of stupidity or malignity.

There are, for instance (to begin with those of the highest order), the LIES of the Week; the downright, direct, unblushing falsehoods, which have no colour or foundation whatever, and which must, at the very moment of their being written, have been known to the writer to be wholly destitute of truth.

Next in rank come MISREPRESENTATIONS, which, taking for their ground-work facts in substance true, do so colour and distort them in description, as to take away all semblance of their nature and character.

Lastly, the most venial, though by no means the least mischievous class, are MISTAKES; under which description are included all those Hints, Conjectures, and Apprehensions, those Anticipations of Sorrow and Deprecations of Calamity, in which Writers who labour under too great an anxiety for the Public Welfare are apt to indulge; and which, when falsified by the event, they are generally too much occupied to find leisure to retract or disavow:—A trouble which We shall have great pleasure in taking off these Gentlemen's hands.

In our anxiety to provide for the amusement as well as information of our Readers, We have not omitted to make all the enquiries in our power for ascertaining the means of procuring Poetical assistance..... We have had no choice but either to provide no Poetry at all,—a shabby expedient,—or to go to the only market where it is to be had good and ready made, that of the *Jacobins*—an expedient full of danger, and not to be used but with the utmost caution and delicacy.—*The Anti-Jacobin*; No. 1, Nov. 20, 1797.

Another principle no less devoutly entertained, and no less sedulously disseminated, is the *natural and eternal warfare of the Poor and the Rich*..... This principle is treated at large by many authors. It is versified in Sonnets and Elegies without end. We trace it particularly in a Poem by the same Author from whom we borrowed our former illustration of the Jacobin Doctrine of Crimes and Punishments. We shall not think it necessary to transcribe the whole of it..... One Stanza, however, we must give, lest we should be suspected of painting from fancy, and not from life.

The learned Reader will perceive that the Metre is SAPPHIC, and affords a fine opportunity for his *scanning and proving*, if he has not forgotten them.

Cold was the night wind: drifting fast the snows fell,
Wide were the Downs, and shelterless and naked:
When a poor Wanderer struggled on her journey

Wearied and way-sore.

This is enough: unless the Reader should wish to be informed how

Fast o'er the bleak heath rattling drove a Chariot;
or, how, not long after,

Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining—
on went the Horseman.

We proceed to give our IMITATION, which is of the *Amœbæan* or
Collocutory kind.

(IMITATION.)

(*Cunning and Frere.*)

Supplices.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder.

Friend of Humanity.

"Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your Wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!"

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
road, what hard work 'tis crying all day 'Knives and
Scissars to grind O!'"

"Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the 'Squire, or Parson of the Parish!
Or the Attorney?"

"Was it the 'Squire, for killing of his Game? or
Covetous Parson, for his Tythes distraining?
Or roguish Lawyer made you lose your little
All in a law-suit?"

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by TOM PAINE?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eye-lids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

Knife-grinder.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the Justice;
Justice OLMIXON put me in the Parish-
Stocks for a Vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A pot of Beer, if you will give me Sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With Politics, Sir."

Friend of Humanity.

"I give thee sixpence, I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance;
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

(*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his Wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*)

The Anti-Jacobin; No. 2, Nov. 27, 1797.

(There are three names to be remembered in connection with the parodies and burlesques in *The Anti-Jacobin*—Canning, Ellis, and Frere. George Canning and John Hookham Frere were Etonians, and contributed to a school-journal called the *Microcosm*, which was dedicated to Dr. Davies, the head-master. J. H. Frere is known in literature as a translator of Aristophanes, and the author of a poem, entitled, "The Monks and the Giants. Prospectus and Specimen of an intended national Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stow Market, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers. Intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and His Round Table." George Ellis is known by his Specimens of the Early English Poets.)

CXVII.

FRENCH REVOLUTION, I

As it appeared to Enthusiasts at its Commencement.

Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
Upon our side, we who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,

But to be young was very heaven!—Oh! times,
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
When most intent on making of herself
A prime Enchantress—to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her name!
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
The beauty wore of promise, that which sets
(As at some moment might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown.
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
The playfellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty and strength
Their ministers,—who, in lordly wise had stirred
Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it;—they, too, who, of gentle mood,
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,
And in the region of their peaceful selves;—
Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty
Did both find, helpers to their hearts' desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish;
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all.

Wordsworth.

